

# THE LIVING AGE

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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### SOME PRACTICAL OBSTACLES TO DISARMAMENT

THE London *Statist* takes occasion to point out that, in the various discussions concerning disarmament, the advocates of international agreement seem to take for granted that the world is governed entirely by economic forces. This, it believes, is not the case. Sentimental considerations, it declares, must also be taken into account: that while the taxpayer may earnestly desire to be rid of the burden entailed by armaments, his outlook is not altogether limited to the financial side of the question. Even the heaviest taxpayer would be loath to leave the security of his country even remotely imperiled, in order to gain a temporary economic advantage.

For this reason, the *Statist* believes, the inquiry into the question of disarmament must explore fields far wider than the purely technical and economic. External policy is the uppermost topic of discussion in nearly all countries of the world to-day, and any discussion of foreign affairs inevitably raises a number of difficult problems which do not admit of any simple solution — the territorial and administrative integrity of China, for example.

Even if a limitation of armaments

should be in principle approved, the *Statist* feels that an actual basis of limitation will be very difficult to determine. In the case of naval armaments the question will at once arise: will the standard of naval strength allowed to the different nations be based on the existing fleets, or on their strength at some given future date? Great Britain, it points out, to-day enjoys a marked superiority in capital ships; but in two years Japan and the United States will have overcome this superiority by reason of their large building programmes. This is on the assumption that English naval strength is not speeded up. The *Statist* assumes that neither American nor Japanese aims conflict with those of Great Britain at the present juncture; but it vouchsafes the warning that complications at present unforeseen may quickly arise, owing to the fluidity of conditions in various parts of the world. Even if a standard of naval strength were decided on, it further asserts, great difficulty would be encountered in elaborating an agreement.

Fleets contain a number of diversified units — battle-cruisers, light cruisers, submarines, destroyers, submarine-chasers, mine-sweepers, mine-layers, and aeroplane-carriers, with colliers and other vessels engaged in the transport of coal, food, and

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various necessities. Is the relative proportion of these different components of the fleet to be fixed? To do so would be, it seems to us, to crystallize naval strategy and tactics, and to place a drag on future naval development. Besides, different conditions of warfare call for an increase or decrease in one or other arm; and according as the possible enemy or combination of enemies varied so would a nation feel obliged, for its own security, to alter the relative composition of its fleet or fleets.

It would appear, then, that the effort to bring about limitation by allowing each nation to have so many battle-cruisers, so many light cruisers, etc., is foredoomed to failure. An alternative and more feasible method would be to allocate to each naval power a maximum figure for naval outlay every year, on the understanding that, while all the sum need not be spent, the amount should certainly not be exceeded. This proposal would meet many of the objections raised to the one previously put forward, and would certainly constitute no hindrance to naval evolution and to enlisting the assistance of every new discovery for the purpose of technical perfection. The question of checking costs would give rise to no inconsiderable difficulties; but if the nations concerned bring good-will to the task, these difficulties will readily be overcome.

#### CLEMENCEAU AND THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

SPEAKING at the inauguration of the monument erected in his honor by his fellow citizens on Sunday, October 2, M. Clemenceau alluded to the coming Washington Conference and argued that the 'French question is at least on the same footing of importance as the Pacific question.' The idea of ensuring peace through settlements in the Far East, Clemenceau described as 'magnificent'; but the necessity of ensuring the peace of the world by providing adequate guaranties for the future security of France, he held to be just as important — indeed, more important to Europe. 'The Pacific is far away,

while the German frontier is close at hand.'

The Washington Conference [M. Clemenceau continued] will have an opportunity to remedy the obvious faults of the existing world-situation. America's intervention in the war proved that she wanted world-peace. It is impossible to convoke the representatives of civilization solely to notify them of America's aloofness from the cause of humanity for which she shed her blood. Nobody will refuse to consider that the French question is on the same footing as the Pacific question; otherwise the peoples will be disavowing themselves.



#### THE NEW CZECH CABINET

THE new Czechoslovak Coalition Cabinet, which came into office during the closing days of September, is headed by Dr. Edouard Bénès. Dr. Bénès is a relatively young man, born in 1884. He was educated at the University of Prague and at the Sorbonne.

After the establishment of the Czechoslovak Republic, he became its Minister of Foreign Affairs; and during the protracted deliberations of the Peace Conference, he showed himself to be a man of unusual ability. Dr. Bénès was one of the first among European statesmen to realize that the states of Central Europe could not be permanently walled in by tariff barriers. Working in coöperation with his friend and teacher, President Masaryk, he accordingly undertook the negotiation of a series of commercial agreements with neighboring states, and in this difficult undertaking soon achieved considerable success. Amid the various fantastic schemes for a Danubian confederation, the Czech statesman has held fast to the principle that the Hapsburg dynasty must not be restored, in either Austria or Hungary, under any circumstances. To provide greater security from any such move

Dr. Bénès set out to create what has come to be known as a 'Little Entente,' based on a defensive alliance with Yugoslavia and with Rumania.

#### ITALIAN CRITICISM OF BRITISH BUSINESS METHODS

THE *Popolo Romano* prints a leading article that contains a trenchant criticism of English business methods, and ventures some constructive suggestions as to how English export methods may be improved.

English industry calls itself aristocratic, in that it produces only goods of the very first quality, that it deigns to accept orders and does not solicit them, and that it sells at high prices because it does not fear competition. True, but an industry which has such a high opinion of itself should not, at the first sign of competition, cry out that the end of the world has come and demand protective measures, which is what British industry is now doing.

It is not enough to manufacture goods of the best quality. You must also pay attention to the purse and tastes of the purchasers. Before the war Germany was successfully rivaling Great Britain because, although her goods may have been of inferior quality, they appealed both to the taste and the purse. Still more is the British system of payment to blame. Not only do merchants refuse credit, but they often actually expect to be paid in advance, in that they demand a deposit in an English bank upon which they may draw. As long as other sellers give credit and British sellers expect credit to be given to them, demanding that foreign capital be locked up in British banks for their advantage, so long will British trade decrease.

Many firms which ordered and paid for machinery in England eight months ago are still awaiting delivery; while letters pointing out that the Italian firms paid for the machinery when the pound sterling cost one hundred lire, and that, therefore, some reduction should now be accorded, are treated with a rudeness which would be

impossible from any other country. British merchants are certainly handicapped by the rate of exchange, but even more by their own methods of business.

#### JAPAN AND THE INTERNATIONAL MIND

THE Osaka *Mainichi* complains that the Japanese people have not yet developed what is now so commonly known as international-mindedness. Not only American and European statesmen, but the rank and file of the population in Occidental countries have come to realize, it says, the necessity of broadening their outlook beyond the national horizon. The Japanese, on the other hand, are entirely lacking in this quality. For this, *Mainichi* believes, there is a deep-seated reason in that during hundreds of years Japan remained a forbidden land and carried on practically no intercourse with countries outside of the Orient. The people of the country have not yet learned to trust the foreigner. Even after voting fifty per cent of their national revenues for armaments, the Osaka journal points out, they are still tremulous about their national future. 'Japan has developed her own power without the coöperation of other countries. Indeed, she has never had the opportunity of such coöperation.' The Anglo-Japanese Alliance represents an exception to all this, it is true; but this alliance, in *Mainichi's* opinion, is now a rather frail reed to lean upon. Japan must stand on her own feet, and a realization of this fact has strengthened nationalistic ideals.

It is a question, however, whether Japan can longer continue in this attitude. So far Japan may have needed nationalism in order to build herself up. But to-day, when she stands in the world as one of the great powers, she should not remain altogether under the sway of nationalism alone. If we neglect to inculcate in the minds of the

people the need of enthusiasm, and refuse to contribute toward the peace and happiness of mankind, will not Japan become isolated? The Japanese have a patriotism rare in the world. Even if the thoughts of the people are said to have become changed for the worse, this sentiment of patriotism alone stands untarnished. The cause for worry is not there. If the patriotism of the Japanese people can be expanded so as to make the people love mankind, to rouse in them the spirit of devotion to the cause of peace and happiness of the world, that course will certainly raise Japan to a higher level of importance in the world.

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#### A RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN FRANCE

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* publishes an article by Viscount Georges d'Avenel, giving the results of a significant investigation which he has undertaken among the French dioceses, to ascertain the true proportion of active Catholics in France. The writer comes to the conclusion that the number of active Catholics has greatly increased, and that this growth had already begun before the war. M. d'Avenel draws attention to the revival of Catholic propaganda in France, and points out that people of all classes are now proud to take a conspicuous part in this work, whereas, a decade ago, there appeared to be a widespread disinclination to appear to be associated with any sort of religious activity. The most remarkable feature of this religious revival, according to M. d'Avenel, is the progress which it has made in the towns. Numerous examples of this advance are given. New religious associations connected with the Church are being founded and extended. M. d'Avenel concludes that out of the entire population of the French Republic only seven or eight millions are wholly out of touch with conformity to the teachings of the church.

#### THE WOES OF A RUSSIAN SCIENTIST

AN anonymous Russian scientist, who is vouched for as 'a well-known Professor of Chemistry,' contributes to *Nature* some items of exact information concerning the amount of food which is allowed each month by the Soviet authorities to professors in the higher institutions of learning. During the month of June this scientist received, for himself and his mother, fourteen pounds of bread (made principally of soya beans); eleven pounds of the beans themselves; nineteen pounds of herring; together with small amounts of tallow, macaroni, salt, sugar, tobacco, and washing-soda. In addition to these rations his salary for the same month amounted to 21,000 rubles, which sufficed to buy only five additional pounds of bread.

The writer mentions that the Russian authorities have established various 'proletarian' institutions of arts and sciences, including a 'Higher Institute of Plastic Arts,' which turns out — dancers! The teachers in such institutes are listed as professors and scientists. They also receive professorial rations. With this accession to their ranks taken into the reckoning, the estimate of Mr. H. G. Wells, who placed the number of scientists on the ration list at about four thousand, does not appear to be excessive.

Complaint is made that food and other supplies sent by foreign committees to help men of science in Russia have not always reached those for whom they were intended. 'Last year,' the writer mentions, 'the Norwegian government sent us a lot of presents; but the precise amount sent was carefully kept in the dark, so that we have more than a suspicion that we received only a part of the alms, — and then only some coarser things, like herring and cod, — and that the dainties were

taken by other parties, for whom they were not intended. You see that I write, as a matter of course, about receiving alms; we have long ago lost all sense of pride, — beggars cannot be choosers, — and we can only thankfully accept foreign help.’



#### THE INDEPENDENT LABOR PARTY

THE Executive of the Independent Labor Party in Great Britain has issued copies of the party's proposed new constitution. The preamble of this document sets forth that the I.L.P. is a Socialist organization, and has for its object the establishment of a Socialist commonwealth. This expression it defines as a ‘state of society in which land and capital are communally owned, and the processes of production, distribution, and exchange are social functions.’

The *Daily Herald* points out that, according to this constitution, the basis of political democracy must be ‘the whole body of citizens exercising authority through a National Representative Assembly’; while the basis of industrial democracy must be ‘the organization of the wage- and salary-earners and the organization of consumers.’

Although the Independent Labor Party declares that its immediate object is to obtain control of the local and national governing bodies, it expresses a readiness ‘during the transition from capitalism to socialism’ to work for such legislative and industrial changes as will contribute to its final end. Other provisions in the new constitution declare the party's readiness to coöperate with kindred bodies in other countries.



#### LONDON'S JAZZ ILLUMINATIONS

THE London *Observer* ventures to register a good-natured protest against ‘the terrible affliction of the jazz lu-

minaries,’ that shout their advertisements from every corner of the London streets when darkness comes. The cumulative effect of these flashing electric signs is as distressing as a ‘vorticist vers-librist’ with a megaphone. The Regent Street corner of Piccadilly Circus is the habitat of the worst offenders. It is ablaze with flaming braziers, so that it looks like a house on fire. ‘The galaxy of frenzied lettering gives you the blinks. Leicester Square has a green river of tears flowing about a safety-razor advertisement.’ In Switzerland, *The Observer* comments, they do things differently — or did, before the war. In Zurich the citizens sit by their swift-flowing Limmat, and watch the shimmer of water under the stars or moon, while the venerable outlines of the old Munster loom dark against the sky. Paris, indeed, has lost her time-honored hegemony as the City of Light. That primacy has now passed to New York, with London a close second.

Some, perhaps, would rather be left to dream of that other Georgian London, haunted by watchmen with distaffs and lanterns, or the Elizabethan one, peopled by gallants with ruff, doublet, jerkin, and smoking torches. The soap, baby-food, and whiskey they prefer to encounter in newspapers, where the mere sight of it does not occasion a kind of visual delirium tremens.



#### THE SWEDISH ELECTIONS

THE results of the elections to the second Chamber of the Swedish Parliament have been announced. The Social Democrats have made a distinct gain. From a quota of 75 members in the last Riksdag, this party has increased its representation to 93. The Conservatives, on the other hand, who numbered 71 in the old Parliament, succeeded in electing only 61 members at the recent election. Four women are among the newly elected members. The Social

Democrats will not have an absolute majority in either the Upper or Lower Chamber, but it is believed that the formation of a coalition government will not prove difficult. Swedish papers, on the morrow of the election, predicted that Mr. Branting would become Prime Minister.

#### MINOR NOTES

IN the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, one of the many publications controlled by Herr Stinnes, an annotated map was published on September 26, showing the organization of the Bolshevik propaganda throughout the various countries of Europe. According to this map, the entire organization is under a Propaganda Committee, composed of Zinovieff, Radek, Chicherin, Lunacharski, Litvinoff, and Krassin. The working of this committee is subdivided into sections, including an 'official section,' which has charge of Soviet diplomatic and commercial delegations abroad; a 'press bureau,' which controls the numerous wireless stations; and various 'secret sections,' the functions of which are not made entirely clear. The official section is directed from Riga by Litvinoff. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* declares that Berlin is the chief foreign centre of Bolshevik activity, and alleges that the Berlin mission supports the *Rote Fahne* (the Berlin Communists' organ). Next in importance to Berlin is Prague; but Milan is also an important propagandist centre. From this latter point the tentacles are spread through the Italian, Swiss, and Yugoslav regions. According to the map, London is not an independent centre, but is handled from Paris, to which city the Moscow authorities devote special attention.

THE *Times of India* protests against the numerous resolutions which are already being introduced into the legis-

lature, proposing various amendments to the new constitution. It points out that the new government is avowedly an experiment, and that the present members of the legislature were chosen for the express purpose of giving it a fair trial. The *Times* conceives that the new constitution is far from perfect, but urges that a policy of tearing it to pieces at this early stage would merely play into the hands of the extremists who want to tear it up by the roots at the outset. The new constitution, it declares, is entitled to a fair trial, and all proposed amendments should be shelved for at least a year or two.

THE *Berliner Tageblatt* prints an interview with Herr Gessler, the Reichswehr Minister, in which the latter insists that the Interallied Control Commission is making unreasonable demands. As an example, he cites the Commission's requirement that all gas-masks be destroyed and no new ones made. Herr Gessler contends that gas-masks are used for defensive purposes only and that, so long as the employment of gas is not strictly prohibited, the Germans should be allowed to make this provision for their defense.

THE Soviet paper, *Investia*, of September 25, publishes an editorial article by Lunacharski, which expresses great pessimism concerning the future of education in Russia. It declares that the system of public instruction which the Soviet authorities have been at great pains to establish is now in danger of toppling over. The government, it declares, has paid many of the teachers no salaries for months, and its indebtedness to them now runs far into millions. Lunacharski calls for prompt measures to support and strengthen the educational system, declaring that the collapse of the schools will be a national catastrophe.

# EUROPE'S FUTURE

BY EDOUARD BÉNÈS

*[The author of this article — a discussion of the constructive forces which have emanated from the war and upon which the reconstruction of Europe may be based — is the new Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia.]*

From *La Revue de Genève*, September  
(SWISS POLITICAL AND LITERARY MONTHLY)

TO-DAY it seems to be the fashion to express fears about the immediate future of Europe; to complain of political, economic, and moral misery; to dwell on the mistakes and crimes of the recent past and the present; and to confess to pessimism in regard to the political, economic, and social conditions of our time. One can easily understand this tendency, which even a rather superficial examination of the situation justifies in large measure.

We are, indeed, especially in Europe, confronted by a heartbreaking spectacle. As a consequence of the World War all classes of the population are demoralized; the old conceptions of life are discredited; all passions are unchained and have developed into the unbridled egoism of nations, classes, and individuals. From the economic point of view, a general catastrophe seems to many people to be the inevitable end of the present situation, just as a revolution must be the outcome from the social point of view. They maintain that this catastrophe is reaching its highest point even in our own day. See the formidable industrial crisis in America and in Europe; the unemployment of five million workers in the United States, of four million in Great Britain, and of three million in Germany; and the high cost of living, which we are incapable of lessening. See the unprecedented crisis in exchange,

which ruins some people by reason of too low a rate, and ruins others by reason of being too high. The most competent economists are unable to find even the slightest remedy for this. Economic pessimism has become a general attitude, which underlies all political or economic undertakings, and colors every discussion of existing conditions.

In politics the picture is painted black. The situation in Russia seems to be without solution and indicates the long duration of a state of anarchy, of which Europe naturally will have to bear the consequences. Germany, her morale quite broken down from the economic point of view, is obliged to make a violent effort to fulfill the conditions of the Peace Treaty. Politically she is without stability. Attracted on the one hand by the advantages of order and strength which marked the old régime, and on the other hand by the advantages of a new democratic system which the public scarcely understands, Germany stands threatened by a formidable militaristic and nationalistic reaction in case a general change should come to pass in Central Europe. According to the favorite expression in France and England, Europe has been 'balkanized': that is to say, the new nations have not yet found the balance of their forces — a balance necessary to ensure a future in which the spirit

of hatred and strife shall give way to the spirit of collaboration and mutual solidarity. In Poland conditions continue to be an enigma and a problem of the first order. In Turkey war continues among almost all those who signed the Treaty of Sèvres. How can one help being pessimistic in the face of such an array of facts?

But let us now examine the positive side. The war has effaced almost entirely from the present world, and especially from Europe, the principle of authority and of what constitutes authority. The egoism of nations, classes, and individuals has left us as a heritage that vague revolutionary spirit which is associated with a superstitious mysticism in the Russian temper from which it springs — a brutal and fanatical terrorism, which people justify without the slightest embarrassment by applying the ancient aphorism, 'the end justifies the means.'

After having wrecked the authorities of the past, the war tried to give us something else in their place. First came various great men — it is needless to mention them by name for their names spring unaided to our minds; then various political organs and instrumentalities, such as the Council of Four, the Council of Ten, the Supreme Council, the Conference of Ambassadors, and the periodical meetings of the Prime Ministers of the Great Powers; finally, the various legal bases of a new world, that is, the treaties of peace which emanated from the Paris Conference.

Of these three types of authority, two are now almost entirely broken down. There remains the third; it is certainly the strongest, since it is the least susceptible of change; it is the least subtle, because it is in writing and possesses the attribute of legality; I mean the authority of the treaties of peace. These treaties are the most important assets left by the war. They represent, the

stable elements in the general dissolution, the point of departure for all economic and moral action. They are the legal basis of the new world, the expression of the new order.

I know that you are going to reproach me with the imperfections, the weaknesses, the mistakes, indeed the injustices, of the treaties of Versailles, of Saint-Germain, of Trianon, and of Neuilly. All these exist, I admit; there are a good many of them. Everyone sees them in his own way; and I think I know them better than many others, because I took part in the working out of these treaties. I observed the methods used in their elaboration, and heard the debates concerning the right and the wrong of the ideas which are their foundations.

But do we want order, or do we not? Shall we begin over again with these interminable conferences and again throw the world into chaos? Are we willing to face a revision of treaties, when this simple word *revision* connotes the unchaining of passions, recriminations, prejudices, hatred, and egoism among all nations, classes, and individuals? Let us look for other means of making the world livable; let us perfect little by little the imperfections of the work, and let us use with honesty and loyalty, with reason and justice, this great instrument, which is the principal and essential factor that the war has left us.

The second important factor in the reconstruction of Europe, also a heritage of the war, is the League of Nations. The League of Nations, as a matter of history, sprang from the treaties of peace at the Conference. Fundamentally, its first duty is to supervise the honest, loyal, and just application of these treaties. That is why I speak of it as the second positive asset for the reconstruction of the world. Its action must be made as effective as possible;

its rôle and its programme should be enlarged. We must show more faith in its future and in the principle on which it rests. This second constructive force in contemporary society, in short, must be made use of in the largest measure.

The League of Nations has already tried to justify the confidence which its friends have imposed in it. Up to the present time it has accomplished a greater work than many people realize. Let me recall its activity in questions relating to Austria, its labors for Poland, its incontestable prestige wherever it exerts its influence, whether in questions of minorities, in problems of disarmament, or in stemming new conflicts. It cannot help but grow. Its moral influence is clearly positive. It is calming hatred, moderating excessive passions, and accustoming public opinion to place more trust in arguments than in violence. Thus it is creating an atmosphere in which the principle of moral and legal authority begins to have its due place.

The third positive factor is represented by certain statesmen who have a clear and definite programme of political, economic, and social reconstruction. It is also represented by various political operations which were originated to reestablish order in the world, and by certain reforms which different governments have accomplished during the course of the last two years. One might, taking it all in all, thus express it in a general formula: the third constructive factor is the general tendency of governments to emerge, through a series of reforms, from the discomfort which the different classes of society feel. One might easily give concrete examples of this progress, and thus demonstrate, not only that a considerable improvement in the general situation has been effected, but that a reasonable optimism is more than justified.

A very characteristic example of this

is the proposal of President Harding concerning universal disarmament. It is difficult to say what will come from the Washington Conference. But all those who wish to have the work of consolidation and pacification make progress must have confidence, must express confidence, and must by their very faith create the atmosphere without which the responsible men who go to Washington will be unable to frame a practical solution for this grave and crucial problem of peace and war.

Another significant example is afforded by Russia. The men who know Russia, and know the Russian people, have for three years tried to prove that the Russian problem involves something more than the replacement of a revolutionary régime by a so-called bourgeois government; and above all things, that the problem is one that cannot be solved by armed force. The creation of a new economic system, the organization of transport, of supplies, of political, financial, military, and even social administration, the restoration of all the forces of production, and the opening up of new resources for a political and social organism as vast as that of Russia — all this cannot be accomplished by a military expedition. A military expedition would not even provide the necessary foundations. What is necessary is a clear and definite programme adapted to the special conditions of Russia, and to the qualities of the Russian people. It needs a long, patient, and systematic effort, covering a whole generation. Finally, and above all, it needs an atmosphere of peace, a spirit of sacrifice, and a display of initiative.

After having delayed for three years, Europe now realizes that the policy of military intervention in Russia was the greatest mistake in history. The latest events, and the famine now raging in Russia, have called forth expressions of pity from the whole world. They have

likewise brought home to all of us a truth which a few isolated statesmen have preached for three years: namely, that we must intervene in the interest of an economic reconstruction, which no one in Russia, and, least of all, the Bolsheviks, will be able to resist.

It goes without saying that every day that passes is so much time lost. In its own reconstruction Europe cannot get along without Russia, and Russia cannot begin a new existence without substantial aid from the rest of the world. How then shall we begin, and what policy shall we adopt? These are the practical problems which the policy of reconstruction raises. The essential thing is to begin, and to continue without hesitation and without prejudice. He who has decided to act will know how to act.

It appears to me to be clear that recent events in Russia indicate a turning point in the Russian revolution. It is the duty of all who are not pessimists, who do not wish to lose more time, whose spirit is constructive, and who have faith in their own strength and capacity, to undertake the reconstruction of that country.

The question is, whether the work of famine-relief is the beginning of this action, which obviously should be made possible by the swinging of the Soviets to the 'Right.' I think and hope that it is.

On the basis of these facts the Czechoslovak Republic has tried to initiate a comprehensive political policy, which is inspired by three aims: to pacify, to reconstruct, and to consolidate. First of all, it declines to reciprocate the initial distrust of its neighbors. It endeavored to prove a readiness for friendly relations; it wished to be a good neighbor to all. In the case of Austria, Poland, Germany, and even Hungary, this policy was successful. Eventually the elements of discord disappeared, so that

to-day there is no conflict or friction with any of the countries along the Czech frontiers.

In its solicitude for the economic future of Central Europe the Republic has undertaken to negotiate economic and commercial treaties. In a year and a half it has concluded a considerable number of these treaties: with Yugoslavia, Rumania, France, Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria; and in the immediate future treaties with Poland, England, and Hungary will be signed.

Realizing the necessity of a new political and economic order in Central Europe, the Republic, together with its Rumanian and Yugoslav friends, began to advocate a new grouping of political, economic, military, and financial forces. Central Europe was more unsettled than any other part of the world. The restorations of normal conditions could be accomplished — with the alternative of war and anarchy — only by creating a new order based upon treaties of peace and amity.

In conclusion, I should like to summarize my thoughts in a few simple formulas. The various treaties of peace are imperfect, perhaps, but we have in the Europe of the present day a more logical, a more solid, and, above all, a more just order of affairs than existed before the war. Let us keep the peace treaties as a legal basis of this new order.

The League of Nations has for its greatest task the function of ensuring an exact and just application of the peace treaties. It must find a way whereby, without upheavals, conflicts, hatred, or prejudice, the imperfections of the treaties may be at an opportune moment examined, discussed, and corrected. The period of conflict has passed; the era of discussion has begun. We must preserve an unwavering faith in this better future, which we all desire, and in these new policies which we proclaim.

# THE PHENOMENAL GOOD FORTUNE OF LLOYD GEORGE

BY 'THE MAN IN THE STREET'

From *The National Review*, October  
(CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

TO THE RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD  
GEORGE, PREMIER

SIR,—

It was very truly observed nearly three thousand years ago by your namesake the Psalmist that 'so long as thou doest well unto thyself, men will speak well of thee.' The context shows that he wrote this sarcastically, if not bitterly, moralizing as he was at the time on the emptiness of human ambition and what has been generally counted as human success throughout the ages; but you come of a class which is addicted to borrowing isolated texts out of the Bible to suit its own ends, and it does not seem unreasonable to conjecture that you have derived much encouragement and comfort from this one throughout your life. At any rate, you have certainly acted very consistently on its premise in never losing an opportunity of doing well unto yourself; and you are not without grounds for agreeing with its conclusion, seeing with what apparent admiration of your genius and approval of your methods the nation has acquiesced in your rule during the past five years.

But, as King David indicates elsewhere, there is a limit even to such continued prosperity as you have hitherto enjoyed, and the evidence is now increasing every day that you have about reached it. One of the most useful assets toward the building up of your fortunes has been the habitual apathy, indolence, patience, amiability — some

people call it one thing, some another; possibly you may yourself, with your tongue in your cheek, designate it stupidity — of that vast majority of the nation which troubles itself very little about politics, preferring to go quietly about its own business and leave matters of state to those who profess to understand them. But there have been others before you who have based their calculations on this same prevalence of a temperamental peculiarity; who have presumed on it to a point where they have come to believe that they actually had it on their side; yet have one and all been rudely awakened, in the end, to the huge mistake they have been making. Do you suppose that you are going to be the exception?

When I look back on your career, sir, I cannot help being reminded of that kind of young men who come down from the universities every year in greater or less quantities, full of enthusiasm and self-confidence, — or conceit, — and prepared off-hand to right all the wrongs of our social system, to effect several innovations in it which they have satisfied themselves are imperative, and generally to reorganize *ab initio* the affairs of this hitherto very imperfectly managed planet. There is, of course, this difference between them and you, that they start out on their self-imposed task with a genuine and honest, albeit quixotic, desire to benefit and elevate humanity, whereas you have from the first regarded the discontents and shortcomings of human

nature only as a means to be exploited to your own personal advantage. But where you closely resemble them is in the scantiness of your working outfit, mainly consisting as it does of a second-hand and *ex-parte* knowledge of the problems to be solved, — with, in your case, a strong dash of class-prejudice and jealousy thrown in, — in the cock-sureness of your opinions, but above all in your persuasion that in you the one and only Man has arrived, for want of whom the world has been doing so badly throughout the ages.

To the young men in question, however, it usually happens that, after a year or so of mixing with their equals, they either of their own fundamental good sense and training realize their limitations for themselves, or else are laughed, or metaphorically kicked, into doing so; and, though they may not abate in their zeal for the cause of humanity, approach it with that better sense of values — including their own — which renders their subsequent work so much the more effective and useful. Unfortunately for us, over whose destinies you are at present set, you have never experienced the same wholesome discipline as these, nor enjoyed — probably have not sought — the same opportunities of enlarging your outlook on life. Nobody can question that you have gifts of a sort — chiefly of a Celtic sort — which, if properly regulated and applied, might have proved of considerable service to your country; but where you have always shown yourself lacking is in that sense of proportion — and, I may add, of humor — and that recognition that there are other sides to any question than your own, wherein lies the secret of real statesmanship. You have been content to go on in your own narrow groove of self-advancement, a law unto yourself, listening only to such counsels as are pleasing to you, caring for no interests, public or private, but

your own, — have you, may I ask, ever been known to do what may be termed a really disinterested good turn to anybody? — to the point where now you stand, with the nation which has so foolishly and pathetically trusted you, on the brink of disaster and ruin.

You began life, we are given to understand, as the clever boy of your Welsh village, where there was no one qualified, or more probably no one who at that early stage of your precocity thought it worth his while, to contradict you. As the energetic young solicitor, ready to play the part of local Hampden whenever there was anything to be gained from it, your associations, other than of a hostile kind, with people of a different way of thinking from yourself are not likely to have been frequent.

Then you got into Parliament, and that deprived you of your last chance of having what you must excuse my describing colloquially as ‘the nonsense’ knocked out of you. I do not wish to speak slightly of so august an assembly as the House of Commons, or to suggest that it cannot keep its members under proper control; but everyone knows how good-naturedly tolerant it is, even of the most ill-conditioned among them, provided that they do not outstep the bounds of actual decorum; and, given a man to whom the desirability has never occurred of seeing himself as others see him, who has rather more than an ordinary share of — again to speak colloquially — the ‘gift of the gab,’ and, last but not least, who shows himself to be wholly unscrupulous in his methods of helping his party, it is quite on the cards that he will come, even if it be to the disapproval, open or covert, of the greater number of his fellows, to the top. And your parliamentary progression has been exactly on these lines. You may flatter yourself that you have got on through your exceptional abilities and merits; but it has

really been through your unabashed effrontery and pushfulness, and that not very high-class kind of cleverness with which you have taken advantage of the desire of your fellow members to play the game toward you as you would never have dreamed of playing it toward them.

It has been said of Napoleon Bonaparte that, when anyone was recommended to him for employment, the first question he asked was, whether he was 'lucky,' that being to his mind a matter of far greater importance than any abilities or attainments that the candidate might possess. If the story is true, then you would have undoubtedly been a man after his heart: for you have certainly had your full share, or more than an average human being's share, of luck throughout your public life. You came on to the Parliamentary stage at a time when the old Liberal Party was in very low water, and, casting about for some means of retrieving its fortunes, had practically surrendered itself into the hands of the more violent Radicals, of whom you were a rising type. For effective — or, in other words, vote-carrying — support they found themselves compelled to look to the most ignorant and easily gulled elements of the population, in the working on whose cupidity and even worse passions by specious promises of benefits to come, and supposed injuries and injustices to be avenged; if they would only put and keep the promisers in power, you, with your irresponsible verbosity and your perfect genius for suppressing the truth and suggesting the false to fit what you called your arguments, speedily established yourself as a past master.

I often amuse myself by speculating as to what must be your feelings nowadays, when you look back to the bygone time when you were so busily occupied in stirring up your Nonconformist

brethren to 'passive resistance,' or fomenting all the latent envy, hatred, and malice of the East-Enders against their betters, and often their actual benefactors, with your Limehouse oratory; when you were, in short, sowing the seeds of a crop the fructification of which you must, to say the least of it, be sometimes finding rather inconvenient in your present circumstances.

However, at the time these methods served your purpose to most excellent effect, in that your leaders, even if some of them may have in their secret hearts disliked and distrusted you, found themselves becoming absolutely dependent on you; and you were consequently able to make your own terms with them in respect to the price — or, to put it more delicately, the reward — of your invaluable services. You were not to be put off with a mere Presidency of the Board of Trade, which afforded you no adequate scope for your peculiar talents: you could be content with nothing less than the Chancellorship of the Exchequer; not, I think, because you can, even then, have been conscious of any special aptitude for finance, but because, once you had the responsibility for the public purse in your own hands, you would have no one to check you in your vast schemes for securing the allegiance of the 'have nots' of the nation to your party in its campaign against the 'haves.'

I am not going to recapitulate in detail your wondrous achievements during the Great War. I have had occasion to examine into these before, and have even ventured so far as to say what, to my mind, they really amount to. It will be sufficient here, I think, to point out that, throughout this critical period in your fortunes, — and, incidentally, the nation's, — your luck never once deserted you. Your party was in power when the war broke out; your political opponents, instead of profiting as they

might have done from the momentary confusion, patriotically waived all traditional differences and loyally rallied to the support of your colleagues and yourself in the face of the common danger. One cannot help reflecting, *en passant*, in view of your performances during the Boer War, how far otherwise you would have certainly behaved had the positions been reversed. And when, after your magnanimous, because no doubt to yourself repugnant, exposure of your whilom chief's and friend's shortcomings as an organizer of victory, you gallantly threw yourself into the breach caused by his resignation, you found the spade-work of the war already so effectively carried out by our sailors and soldiers, and the national determination to see it successfully through so assured, that all that remained for you to do was to sit tight, restrain your instinctive desire to bring hostilities to a premature end, and so come triumphantly, on the top, so to speak, of the ever-mounting wave, to the safety of the shore. My immediate concern, however, is not so much with what you are supposed to have accomplished or the manner of its reputed accomplishment, as with the consequences of it all, first to yourself, and secondly, through and because of you, to the nation.

The net result of so phenomenal a run of luck as you have enjoyed on a not too well-ordered brain has been, not only to confirm you in the belief in which you have more or less grown up, that you have the capacity for always doing the thing that is right, but to imbue you with that still more comfortable conviction that a thing must necessarily be right because you do it — with the not unnatural corollary, that nobody can do anything as well as yourself. The effect of this conviction on your policy — or what you are pleased to regard as such — as Prime

Minister might almost be described as funny, were it not that the outcome of a prime minister's actions is bound to be of serious import, one way or another, to the nation at large.

Your notion of the kind of government that is best for this country seems to have been largely borrowed from that arch-charlatan of modern times, the ex-Kaiser William the Second. Having been largely responsible for the fallacious theory now so rife among us, that the State is something quite apart from the nation, a kind of grandmotherly super-being, whose actions may often seem to us to be disagreeable, but whose wisdom we have no right to question, and desiring, no doubt, the better to illustrate it, you have constituted yourself the State. It is true that, for the look of the thing, you have formed a Cabinet of Ministers for different departments, in accordance with the received practice of prime ministers in this country; but it would seem, at least to the uninitiated observer, that your principal object in doing so has been to find 'cushy' jobs for the more faithful — or the most dangerous — of your supporters; for to all practical intents and purposes they might as well not be there. It is, of course, usual for prime ministers to direct the general policy of their several departments; but you are not content with that: you must have 'a finger, a hand, generally both hands — one might even suggest both feet — in everything that is going on, and take charge of no matter what kind of business it may be that has to be carried through, down to the smallest and most niggling detail; the supposedly responsible Minister's part in the show being limited, according to your views, merely to taking the blame if anything goes wrong.

And when we come to consider with what equipment, or rather want of it, you enter so boldly on all these manifold

ventures, rushing in like a certain class of persons whom it might not be wholly polite to specify in so august a connection, where angels, so to speak, fear to tread; when we remember that your experience in handling public affairs has been acquired exclusively under the sordid and mind-cramping conditions of modern party politics; that you started in life with no more education than the very superficial kind obtainable in an elementary school, which, if report speaks truly, you have never taken any great trouble to supplement; that your only qualifications, therefore, for the multifarious functions which you so readily and greedily assume are an unbounded degree of assurance and a certain amount of what ladies specially pride themselves on as 'intuition,' but mere men are more inclined to regard as jumping at conclusions — then we can begin to understand why it is that our national affairs are in such a hopeless mess as they are in at present.

For there can be no question either that we are in a devil of a mess, or that, to quote the plaint of the very minor poet to his mistress, 'it is all along of you.' Always bearing in mind your peculiar temperament, it is not difficult to realize how it is that your original conception of your gigantic capabilities matured into that degree of swollen-headedness of which we have been having such uncomfortable exemplification during the past few years. With a devoted band of obsequious, and not always disinterested, newspaper proprietors and editors seeing to the persistent advertising of your praises as the savior of the country in the much overrated munition crisis, and, by inductive process of reasoning, as the winner of the war generally; with the larger part of the nation, in its unwillingness to venture an independent opinion on subjects which it fancied to be outside its intellectual scope; accept-

ing sheeplike the written word as necessarily gospel, and therefore echoing this artificial adulation as if it were the real thing; it was quite in the order of things that you should come in time (and we may be sure that in your case it required no very long time) to regard yourself as having in very truth and fact won the war; and, having achieved that triumph, as therefore constrained to pile up others in any sphere that might offer itself — or, if it did not actually offer itself, might occur to you as a good one, from your own point of view, in which to adventure.

And there appeared to be great openings for the display of your extraordinary abilities in the aftermath of the war. Abroad there were practically the whole of Central and Eastern Europe and a great part of Asia and Africa to be resettled; and you, in company with your fellow idealist, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, incontinently plunged into the task of resettlement, with no sort of knowledge of the racial traditions and differences to be reckoned with, with apparently very vague ideas even as to the actual situation of some of the countries and peoples concerned, and as the sole principle on which your procedure was to be based, the fact that you and your coadjutor wished certain things to be so, and therefore they must be so. At home there were our domestic concerns to be set straight, the divergences during the war from our normal routine to be rectified, and our industrial and social life to be put back into proper running order; all of which would clearly have best been done by removing all the artificial conditions necessitated by the exigences of the war, and leaving things to find their own level as much as possible in their own way. But to your great mind, obsessed with the strange idea that we had been fighting, not to preserve a system which we had got, and with which we were on the whole

quite contented, from being taken away from us by the Germans, but for something else of which you alone possessed the pattern, it called for the institution of an entirely new state of things, or a 'reconstruction,' as you termed it; the outstanding feature of which was that you were to be the central figure of it, dispensing benefits, settling differences, redressing injustices and all the rest of it, off your own bat. I trust I shall not be thought profane if I confess that the impression left, on myself at least, after a survey of your general conduct since the end of the war, has been that you must be suffering from the delusion that you have been sent down to us direct from above, with plenary powers to establish a new dispensation, if not indeed to create a brand-new heaven and earth.

In regard, then, in the first place, to our external relations, the consequences of your intrusion into matters so obviously beyond the scope of the amateur — or even of the most highly inspired genius, if he has no practical knowledge of the problems with which he is attempting to deal — have been only what were to be expected. Perhaps you might have made a greater success of your self-imposed task if you had entered upon it with an absolutely open mind, prepared to learn as you went along; but you started with certain fixed preconceptions and prejudices, and so far from showing yourself willing to abandon them in deference to expert reasoning, forced them, as it were, down the throats of your colleagues at the Peace Conference by sheer virtue of your presumable mandate as British Prime Minister.

Take, for instance, that wonderful doctrine of 'self-determination' on which you and Mr. Wilson insisted so strongly as a cure for all the national and racial troubles of the world. In its logical fulfillment it would have broken

up the world, including the United Kingdom, into an infinitude of minute and quarrelsome states; and, so far as it has been worked out, by raising false hopes in some quarters and conferring self-government in others where the ground is not in the least ready for it, it has sown the seeds of discord and strife in many parts for years to come. Take also, since the Peace Treaty has been signed, your almost squeamish anxiety that, for some reason best known to yourself, its terms should be applied as mildly as possible to our late enemies and the originators of the war, the Germans, but observed to the letter where any of their late victims or of our allies are concerned, under penalty of the condign displeasure of the nation, whom in this case there can be no question you so grossly misrepresent.

As things stand, therefore, the wonderful peace, for which you and Mr. Wilson have arrogated to yourselves so preponderating a responsibility, has left Europe, if not other parts of the world, in as combustible a condition as before the war, if, indeed, not more so: while, if it were not that the French appear happily to have grasped the fact that you and the British nation are not quite the same thing, your very half-hearted regard for their interests would be likely so to have estranged them from us as to have left us, in the not wholly improbable event of fresh trouble with Germany, to face it by ourselves.

So also have your methods of handling our domestic affairs been characterized in their turn by like preconceptions and prejudices, supplementing that colossal ignorance which is common to social reformers of your type on all questions economic, and, for the matter of that, human. Had you, when the war was over, followed the common-sense and straightforward course of taking the nation into your confidence, telling it that, as it had already suc-

cessfully passed through a time of trial by tightening its belt, setting its teeth, and as a whole pulling loyally together, so now, if it continued to do all these things, it would equally well come through the hard times left behind by the war, there can be no doubt that it would have responded to the new call as gallantly as it had done to the first. But such a course evidently did not occur to you. Probably your inherent dislike to anything quite straight had something to do with it; it is quite likely that you could not bring yourself to reciprocate the trust which the nation had so whole-heartedly reposed in you; but there can be no doubt that the principal reason was that you had your own patent plan for the reform of our corner of the universe, as of the others, all cut and dried, and you were not going to abandon it for any of the everyday methods which might suggest themselves to commoner minds.

What was fatal to your plan was that it was based on two gross fallacies: the first, that the Extremist minority of the working class was the most important element of the nation, and therefore the only one that needed your real attention, being, in fact, that on which you have acted throughout your career, probably finding it too useful to call for any investigation as to its soundness; and the second, that everything — meaning the placating of this minority — could be effected by an unsparing expenditure of the public money, being no doubt the outcome of your delightful experiences in the way of handling the blank checks accorded you by the nation during the war. The question how far the resources of the nation were inexhaustible or otherwise does not seem to have troubled you at all. You therefore set to work during the war, in anticipation of the requirements of your friends, — now fast developing, as they realized how they had been made use of

to further your personal ambitions, into your most implacable enemies, — the Labor Party, to wit, to conciliate and at the same time forestall them by building up, under cover of your War Cabinet, that system of State Socialism at which they, as well as yourself, had so long aimed; with this difference, that, whereas they contemplated an elaborate and expensive bureaucracy, in which Labor, as represented by themselves, was to have all the best places, your ideal was the same bureaucracy as centred in and deriving its motive power solely from yourself. What has chiefly concerned the nation as a whole, however, is that it has found itself saddled with the bureaucracy anyhow, and has got to pay through the nose for it.

Of the direct ill effects of your intrigues on the industrial and commercial fortunes of the country, I could multiply examples almost indefinitely, but I will confine myself here to two of the most glaring. To meet the inevitable disorganization of employment through the change from war conditions to peace conditions, any real statesman would have hastened to withdraw all the war-time restrictions on, and impediments to, trade and industry, and so afford the desired opportunities for continued wage-earning. But this would have entailed the abandonment of the position you had appropriated to yourself of Lord High Controller of everything in general and Special Providence to the working classes in particular; and so, as a short way out of the dilemma in which you for the moment found yourself, you hit on the ingenious plan of subsidizing practically everyone below the status of a taxpayer who happened to find himself or herself out of work; conveniently ignoring the salient fact that you were thereby, on the one hand, placing a premium on recruiting to the ranks of our already too numerous industrial slackers,

and on the other, by calling on the employing classes to furnish the means for your benevolence, correspondingly reducing their power of providing employment.

With a further feature of your strategy toward both the hampering of industry and through it the general impoverishment of the nation, we are all too painfully acquainted. I refer to your inveterate habit of personally interfering in all our industrial disputes, with invariably disastrous effects, due partly to your blind acceptance of the Labor leaders' false premises that a man's wage should be estimated according to what he chooses to regard as his proper standard of living, and not to the amount of work he chooses to do, and partly to the same leaders' realization of your squeezability when you think they are threatening trouble. The crowning example of your incompetence in this direction has been in the instance of the recent coal strike, 'settled' after three months' practical starvation of the whole industrial system of the country, — and a good deal of posing as the 'strong man' on your part, — by the imposition of a black-mailing subsidy of ten millions on the rest of the nation; with, incidentally, an inducement to the Extremists to try it on again when the money is all spent. I believe you take credit to yourself in all this for having 'staved off revolution.' Bearing in mind that 'staving off' does not imply finality; that we have already spent more on the process than we can well afford, and are likely to be called upon to spend yet further; and that the respectable elements of the nation have, as a rule, proved quite able to take care of themselves when put to the test, one is inclined to wonder whether it would not after all be better, and cheaper, to have our revolution and get done with it.

I am not going to say very much on

the subject of Ireland, as, at the time of writing, matters there are still very much in the balance. I chiefly mention it because it provides us with perhaps a more than usually striking instance of your incorrigible propensities both for 'negotiation' in preference to straightforward action whenever you are confronted with a crisis or a difficulty, and for choosing the wrong people to negotiate with. In this case again you have mistaken a small body of dreamers and schemers, who, in the pursuit of their dreams and schemes, have allowed themselves to fall under the influence and adopted the methods wholesale of the Bolshevik enemies of society, for the Irish people, and by accepting them and their South-American-Jew self-styled President seriously, even to the point of treating with them as if they constituted a sovereign state, have confirmed them in their belief that their campaign of terrorism and murder has paid; while, at the same time, you have discouraged the forces of the Crown, who, if left to carry on their work of restoring law and order with free hands, would have won the confidence of the sane elements of the Irish nation long ago, and enabled the vast majority of law-abiding people to possess their lives and property in peace. It is true that, for the moment, no doubt because you have at last realized that there are some things which the British public will not stand, you have stiffened your back and taken up a firm stand against the overweening pretensions of the rebels; but even in the not wholly certain event of your maintaining this, to you, unaccustomed attitude to the bitter end, you have, in your blundering egoism, stirred up such a storm of unrest, distrust, and hatred on our sister isle as it will take years of tact and patience and tons of treasure properly to allay.

The fact of the matter is that though,

through a temporary aberration on the part of the British public, you have been put into the highest office in our government that you can attain to, and have further been entrusted in your tenure of the same with powers such as have never been accorded to any of your predecessors, your incapacity to govern is by this time patent in the eyes of the world. You are far too greatly concerned with the personal aspect of your position, far too much occupied in preserving your balance in the lofty heights to which you have climbed, to have any room left in your mind for your true duty as the First Minister of the State, the taking, namely, the strong line one way or the other in all matters of state, without regard to the consequences to yourself. Thus you have no settled policy on any subject whatever, but depend on a constant system of opportunism and temporizing for getting through your difficulties, or rather slurring over them as they occur day by day. Which is all very well for a time, but cannot go on for ever. A shrewd American statesman has said: 'You can fool some of the people all the time, and you can fool all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time'; and you are coming fast to the end of your tether.

It is possible that, in your intense self-satisfaction, you are incapable of realizing the fact. I have been told, indeed, that, according to your reading of the adverse verdicts which are now being constantly given against your extravagant and incompetent administration, they mean that the country is turning against the Conservative element in your Coalition, and by inference toward that peculiar régime of which you are the inventor and principal exponent. If you were not so absorbed in your own turnings and twistings to keep yourself in power, if you were not so prone to listen exclusively

to those who make it their business and profit to flatter you, and would devote a little close attention to the real mind of that 'People' of whose championship — as opposed to the 'Dukes' of your imagination — you have made such a profession, you would know that its instincts are fundamentally Conservative, and that it is getting thoroughly sick and tired of all your wonderful and costly innovations, sick and tired of having its good name and honor and credit dragged in the dust, sick and tired, in short, of you. And still more so is this the case among those middle and lower-middle classes whom you have so consistently ignored throughout your career, but who are, in fact, the true power in the nation, not only holding the money-bags, — which they are not disposed to open any further, — but as the actual majority on that count of heads on which you set such store. Go down among the small-shopkeeper class, even among the steady and thrifty elements of your special *protégés*, the working classes, and learn what they are thinking and saying of you.

Perhaps you flatter yourself that, as it is the habit of your sycophants to tell you, there is no one to take your place, and so you are secure against disturbance. But apart from the implication in this that you are to add the gift of immortality to all the many you believe you already possess, or that we must resign ourselves to the thought that, when you are no longer here to guide us, we must of necessity put up the shutters, you may completely disabuse yourself on that score. There are plenty of men of the kind the nation prefers to your kind — men of honor, education, breeding and common sense, who may not pretend, indeed, to your sparkling cleverness, but we have had enough of sparkling to last us for some time to come — qualified to take up the reins

of government when the call comes; and the call will not be long in coming.

You have drunk to your fill of the wine of popularity, and now, if you are a wise man, you will retire gracefully before you are kicked out. You have starred a good deal of late years in the part of a self-sacrificing patriot; and if you prefer to put it that you recognize

that you have done your work and it will be better for the country for you to leave it to be carried on by fresher, and therefore physically stronger, men, there can be no objection to your doing it that way. The manner of your going is immaterial, so long as you go.

Believe me, sir,

Yours expectantly.

## WILLIAM JAMES AND HIS IMPETUOUS PHILOSOPHY

BY JACQUES MARITAIN

*[This article contains the salient passages from a comprehensive, trenchant, and carefully-documented essay, in which M. Maritain presents his reflections upon American philosophy and philosophers.]*

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WITHIN the last half-century, a philosophic movement of striking interest has been developing in the Anglo-Saxon countries, perhaps more definitely in America than in England. It has not contributed much, up to the present time, toward raising the level of speculative philosophy, because it is, unfortunately, deprived of all lofty creative traditions. It has built chiefly upon the foundations of Hegel, Lotze, Mill, and Renouvier — pretty poor masters themselves; and its claims to ingenuousness, to intuitive insight, to fresh unsophistication, and to a gay disregard of established precedent, too often betray, especially in the country of Walt Whitman, a rusticity in comparison with which those sensualist philosophers whom Plato imagined embracing the trunks of trees seem like the representatives of the most elaborate culture.

William James, toward whom our thoughts turn chiefly in this connection,

is almost the only American philosopher who is at all well known to our own reading public. For all that, his European fame is out of proportion to the true value of his thought; at least, I believe that there is far more promise in the more honest and profound researches of other new-world philosophers, the so-called 'neo-realists.' They have, at least, the merit of having freed themselves from the absurd assumption that all philosophic values can be transformed by the magic of pragmatism; and they have the far greater merit of having detected and denounced the common fallacy that vitiates the most contradictory of modern doctrines: idealism and subjectivism. Perry and Spaulding, in subjecting the idea of relativity to a close analysis, and in restoring the true and insoluble mystery of perception, and Marvin, in reviving the great Aristotelian theory of the impossibility of absorbing into the univer-

sal and arbitrary laws of science the contingency of individual events, have put their fingers on several of the vital springs of rational thought. It is very desirable that the discussion between these men and the academicians, touched upon in a book by M. Kremer, should be actively followed up.

M. Jean Wahl, in a more purely descriptive and historical vein, treats the subject of Anglo-Saxon pluralism. His complete and well-documented work opens the most interesting vistas, which may well engage our attention. He confirms only too strongly the distressing fact that modern philosophy tends to be more and more subordinated to national and geographical divisions. It is certainly curious that, in a time when mechanical and technical progress provides undreamed-of facilities for communication between various countries, philosophy should become very much less universal, much less broadly human, and much more assertive of national peculiarities than it was in the Middle Ages.

Hegel tried to prove that there was a great foreordained harmony between metaphysics and the Prussian State. Is it necessary that philosophy, in order to escape from the 'absolutism' of the Hegelian doctrine, should accept the Anglo-Saxon law of utilitarian and moon-struck impetuosity? 'In the eyes of most pluralists,' writes M. Wahl, 'their doctrine is a national philosophy. James states that he would like to return to the great *English* classic tradition of investigating and challenging all concepts. Pragmatism, according to him, is an English mode of thought.'

Where are the happy civilizations of ancient Greece and old-time France, where, in the most national of soils, the most universal and the most broadly human philosophy took root?

But national particularism is not alone in becoming intermingled with

this new philosophy. A still more remarkable osmosis tends to combine pure speculation with political exuberance. M. Wahl sagely observes that American philosophy is essentially a philosophy of democracy. According to James, the American nation was founded upon what may be called the American religion — was instituted and developed in the faith that a man needs no master to direct him, and that the common people are quite able, by their own united efforts, to work out their salvation. He attempts to conceive a vision of a world in harmony with democratic ideals, and with the 'great adventure' which democracy stands for in the universe. Anglo-Saxon 'pluralism' is in one sense the metaphysical expression of the ambition for an 'all-pervading democracy.' That is the reason why it pictures the world as an immense swarm, with no established order or hierarchy, the wills of all members being equal in importance — as William James himself might say, quite like a great republican banquet.

But, after all, what is pluralism? A vague term for a vague idea, emotional rather than intellectual in content, pluralism can be understood chiefly by its opposite. It is a reaction from Hegelian monism, which absorbs all diversities into the unity of the 'absolute' — a theory which Bradley popularized in Anglo-Saxon countries. All philosophy that refuses to be 'monistic' is 'pluralistic.'

Pluralism is found in England and America in all sorts of phases. In itself it is distinct from pragmatism, a point upon which James and Schiller are equally insistent. But in actual fact it has been developed pragmatically, especially by the author of *Pragmatism* and of *A Pluralistic Universe*.

James is of special interest to us because of this, and because he is himself a perfect example of a 'nature pure,' in

the sense that Goethe gave to that term. The perfectly definite combination of puritanism, romanticism, and empiricism that he personifies makes him an eminently representative type. He does his philosophizing openly, I might almost say cynically, through his sentiments and his preferences, even through his temperament — a philosophy being, in his opinion, essentially an expression of temperament. In this he illustrates clearly one of the most fundamental aspects of the pragmatic method. This method demands that the philosopher, in relying upon subjectivity of emotion itself to attain his object, should enter into as material a contact with affairs as is possible; should devote his whole being to knowledge and sensation; should explore the actual with his own powers of desire and emotion, so that he may be able to judge all things in conformity with himself, according to the state of his own activity and his own sensations in contact with them. He abandons himself to emotional gymnastics, as it were; he enlarges, stretches, and expands his psycho-physiological *ego*, to the end that he may play upon it as upon an instrument of knowledge; all in vain, we insist frankly, because this entire effort depends far too much upon the infinite scope of the intelligence, and can never achieve anything beyond a marionette performance entirely out of keeping with philosophy.

William James also teaches a sort of pure nominalism, which, after the manner of Hume and Stuart Mill, but even more decidedly than either of them, he proceeds to apply concretely. He has a native hatred of the abstract, which he is not content to display in theory alone, but which actually passes over into his practical philosophy. He 'cramps himself within the concrete.'

The world of the pluralist, a chaos of conflicting wills, of contrasts, and of contradictions, is made in the image of

his own temperament, of his own romantic imagination, of his own fevered will, of his mystical materialism. Harshness, violence, tempest, floods, heights, depths, risk, peril, combat, danger, terror, sweat, struggle — 'human nature straining in all its powers . . . on the rack, human nature in *extremis*' — this is the way he sees the world. 'Pioneers, O Pioneers!' sings Walt Whitman, 'Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march, Pioneers! O Pioneers!' A sensuous tumult, indeed, a meaningless commotion. A very tiresome uproar. These great heroes of 'energy,' who give such tremendous buffets to the universe, do not know what constitutes the most genuine and powerful activity. Saint Paul in his prison, Saint John on his Isle of Patmos, Saint Gertrude in her cell, — even Descartes in his little library, — and Rembrandt in his studio, — were active in a more intense and dramatic way than all the pioneers of Walt Whitman in the 'world of labor and the march.'

'A friend,' wrote William James, 'told me one day that the thought of my universe made him sick.' For James, and also for Schiller, reality is not comprehensible except through a multiplicity of heterogeneous truths, and of incommensurable principles, sometimes contradictory, one quite as legitimate as the other, because reality is only a system of semblances on which our activity is supported; there is a multiplicity of 'realities' and of universes — the universe of every day, the universe of science, one of poetry, one of mythology, and so forth, and so forth; so many distinct and independent universes, more or less intermingled with one another, overlapping or confused according to our method of approach to things and our practical attitude toward the world. It is a concept that does not exactly make us sick, as it did the friend

of the philosopher, but it does, we confess, seem to us remarkable for its puerility, and not free from a certain very sophomoric presumption.

If this is the cosmology of integral 'moralism,' what is its theology? Here the study of pluralism becomes especially captivating; indeed we may say that the reality surpasses all our hopes. With a charming intrepidity, the pluralist philosophers, especially James (for Schiller is much more modern), offer us an unalloyed type of practical and anti-intellectual theology.

One of the main reasons for the success of pluralism in England and America is the fact that it reinstates the religious instinct and offers support to the naïve and trusting religion of simple souls, which was menaced by the withering atheism of Hegelian monism. It is amusing to note that Hegelism in the first place invaded England in the name of religion and of the higher truths or Christianity, which it was supposed to defend against skepticism and against utilitarian materialism.

However this may be, the Anglo-Saxon pluralists approach all questions concerning God and the ultimate verities with their usual attitude of radical empiricism and unalleviated pragmatic 'moralism.'

God exists, because the notion of a God lends more grandeur to our vision of the world, more majesty to metaphysics, and at the same time makes the world less bleak, and more homelike for us; because, in order to meet life courageously, we need a powerful ally with whom we can exchange personal services.

God is not omnipotent. The omnipotence of God would be incompatible with the absolute individuality of men and women. Does not our liberty imply that we are independent of Him? Do we not defy Him when we do evil? Would there, indeed, be any evil in the

world if God had power to prevent it? Henry James was told by his son that God was not sufficient unto himself, that he needed our partnership, that he acted like 'an honest workman,' busy with us at a common task.

Such is the God of the pragmatist: a celestial comrade, a powerful factor in the course of events, an ally and also a servitor — a servitor who is likewise exacting, who throws us into danger and into all sorts of unexpected emergencies, in order to develop our highest possibilities.

We have seen how the American pluralists are deliberately reverting to the most primitive religious beliefs and concepts. Yes, but a civilized degenerate is something a good deal lower than a savage. This religion pretends to protect certain practical attitudes, a certain moral residue of Christianity, in the absence of all the powerful principles and vital certainties of the Christian faith.

'Polytheism is the natural complement of pluralistic philosophy,' writes M. Jean Wahl. Possibly he takes the republican philosophy of Renouvier and the truculent hypotheses of William James a little too seriously. But the fact remains that polytheism is really in actual fact directly in the line of development of Anglo-Saxon pluralism — that it is, as it were, its natural culmination; and it is the more remarkable that pluralism does not represent simply the notion of any one philosopher, but that it is a great philosophical movement, a national philosophy.

Can this return to polytheism, as the final result of an exclusively moralistic method of approach to religion and of a radical renunciation of rational speculation in that field, throw any light upon the psychological origin of primitive polytheism? At least, the question is singularly suggestive. There is a sort of wicked pleasure in watching the wise

ones of this world tending toward such outrageously degraded concepts, after they have for three centuries harshly accused the Catholic faith of being anthropomorphic, idolatrous, subversive of human reason, hostile to the laws of nature, superstitious in its worship of the saints, a revival of paganism, and the rest. And now, here they are arriving at polytheism — rehabilitating fetishism in the wake of Auguste Comte, and announcing themselves as supporters of an avowed anthropomorphism in the style of Renouvier. Thus we find that James and his pluralistic friends — with their ‘crass supernaturalism,’ with their finite, democratic, and national God, a God who is at once protective, serviceable, redoubtable, and ready to take part in a mysterious exchange which is profitable and advantageous to both parties — are reviving a sort of negroid form of religion.

They mean well, to be sure; they are influenced by the most large-hearted

motives; the original longings and aspirations from which their philosophy had its rise are healthy and sound in themselves. But good intentions are not enough in philosophy any more than they are in politics. And there is an essential dishonesty in pretending to solve the most difficult and momentous problems without an earnest search for the truth (*sans vouloir la vérité*), first virtually submitting to the amputation of their own intellectual organ, and then resorting to a method of reasoning chosen simply because of its obvious and radical unsuitability to the subject under consideration. The agnostics, who, first admitting the powerlessness of human reason in such matters, simply refuse to make any statements about divine subjects, are essentially more honest thinkers than these philosophers overflowing with religious zeal, who change the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man.

## THE WORLD'S CURRENCY PROBLEM: A SUGGESTED SOLUTION

*[In this editorial article from an authoritative British financial journal, the proposal is made to restore the world's currency to a gold basis, without any preliminary deflation of the existing paper currency. The effect of this action upon the real burden of national indebtedness is discussed in an interesting way.]*

From *The London Statist*, September 24  
(LIBERAL ECONOMIC WEEKLY)

As early as January, 1920, the huge volume of fiduciary paper currency circulating in all countries seemed fraught with consequences so alarming to the world in general, that influential men in most of the leading nations presented a memorial to their governments, calling for the assembly of an international conference to devise some means toward reorganization of the world's currencies. It is now twenty months since that event, and, though the memorialists insisted chiefly on the urgency of the problem in point of time, their efforts have produced no practical results, and to-day the currency question has assumed greater importance than ever before.

It is not an exaggeration to say that there is, at the moment, no more pressing problem in any sphere, — economic, political, or financial, — than that of stabilizing the commodity values of the world's currencies. To the rapid shifting of price-levels that followed the abandonment of the gold standard is to be ascribed, in the final analysis, the present economic *malaise*, with all its distressing accompaniments: industrial stagnation, labor unrest, unemployment, and poverty. The rapid post-war rise in prices, and the subsequent reaction, experienced by most of the leading countries, crippled domestic trade by disturbing the ratios between profits, wages, and the cost of living, and by

causing widespread alterations in the distribution of wealth; and seriously dislocated international commerce through the unsettling of the foreign exchanges. The trade-boom that followed the Armistice brought enormous profits to manufacturers and merchants. These, however, proved merely paper profits, which quickly disappeared in the ensuing depression, and to-day industry is in a much worse position than it was before the boom.

Such evils will inevitably appear while fluctuations in values, both national and international, maintain their present dimensions, or, in other words, while the majority of the great nations of the world continue to use a *flat* paper currency as the medium of exchange. Trade will never be able to move with certainty until currency stability is restored. While not ignoring many pressing reforms which must be made in other directions, it is not too much to say that on the solution of the currency problem depends the removal of most of the economic ills with which the world is at present afflicted. It is our purpose in this and in succeeding articles to suggest the means which appear to us most ready and most practicable, by which the currency of the world may be reestablished on a stable basis of commodity values.

Before proceeding to outline our proposals, it is necessary to comment

on the method of currency reform which has been in vogue up to the present: namely, deflation. This method was advocated in the well-known report of the Cunliffe Committee on Currency and Exchanges after the War, and was endorsed as late as October of last year by the International Finance Conference of Brussels. It was thought by the adherents of the deflation principle that financial soundness could be attained only by reducing the volume of paper currency in circulation, until it became possible to restore convertibility into gold as in pre-war days and to reestablish a free gold market in London. It was this idea which inspired the financial policy definitely adopted, at first by Japan and the United States toward the commencement of 1920, and later on by the United Kingdom, being in time forced on the majority of other nations which were formerly gold-using. To describe this policy briefly, it involved a forced restriction of banking credits, with the object of forcing down prices.

It must be admitted that the deflation campaign has proved a signal failure. This was due to a number of causes. In the first place, there was no concerted international campaign of deflation; each country acted more or less independently, with the result that international price-levels moved divergently, the ratio of different currencies as regards commodity values were violently upset, and this led in time to spectacular movements in the foreign exchanges, with a consequent disturbance of international trade. In the second place, the deflation campaign did not work harmoniously intranationally, for retail prices did not decline proportionately to wholesale prices, and, in the outcome, attempts to reduce wages during the deflation period were resisted, so that the fall in manufacturers' selling prices was not compensated for by a proportionate fall

in the expenses of production. In the third place, government expenditure and taxation was nowhere reduced in accordance with the fall in the price-level, so that the proportion of the national dividend required by the State was generally increased. Finally, the commodity value of the United States dollar, the representative gold currency of the world, rose as fast as the commodity values of other currencies which were being deflated; so that, during the whole deflation campaign, the gold standard was becoming relatively no nearer of attainment. The pound sterling, for example, though its commodity value has been rising throughout sixteen months, is as far from the old parity with the dollar as it was before the decline in prices began.

On the other hand, while deflation has brought the world no nearer to a stable standard of value, it has produced disadvantages which are, unfortunately, only too obvious. Though not the sole factor in the trade depression, the severe financial restriction rendered necessary by the deflation campaign is unquestionably one of the main causes of the present crisis. In this country the deflation campaign has had the paradoxical effect of giving rise to a fresh period of inflation; for so greatly has the national dividend been reduced during the depression, that the present scale of state expenditure cannot be met out of taxation, and the gap must be filled by further creations of credit. This has not hitherto caused the appearance of any inflationary symptoms, its influence being overruled by more powerful opposing factors connected with the trade depression; but it might easily be reflected in the price-level if a strong recovery in trade set in.

Experience of the deflation period has shown that, after the initial stages, the course of events passed out of the control of those who inaugurated the cam-

paign; and this fact alone is sufficient to condemn deflation as a policy for the future. Moreover, it must be remembered that the world was never at any former period confronted with a currency crisis of greater magnitude. It is true that, after previous wars, and even occasionally in peace-time, important commercial nations have broken away from the metallic standard of value. These, however, were more or less isolated instances; while to-day the business of finance is carried on in all European nations, as well as in many outside Europe, by fiduciary paper currency. Accordingly, deflation, at any time a dangerous policy, has to contend with almost insuperable difficulties at present, when, to be successful, it must be carried out simultaneously in almost every important nation in the world.

One of the main obstacles to a successful campaign of deflation is constituted by the enormous size of public debts. If parities of exchange with the United States dollar are reestablished in all countries, the real value of these, both as regards principal and the annual interest charge, would be so enormously increased that the burden would become intolerable.

Many economists, recognizing the impracticability of deflation as a solution of the currency problem, have recently put forward other schemes of reform, involving, for the most part, the introduction of an entirely new standard of value. These mark a distinct advance on earlier discussions of the currency question, in that they emphasize the international character of the problem. The most prominent of them are admirably planned from the theoretical point of view, but it is open to grave doubt whether, in practice, it would be possible to adopt a step so revolutionary as the introduction of a new and untried standard of value. In this respect they savor too much of

empiricism, and even if the change proved possible, it would necessarily take a long time to come about, whereas the currency problem is one of the most pressing urgency. Many of the supporters of schemes of this nature criticize the gold standard as not making for currency stability before the war; but the changes in the price-level caused through the use of gold as a basis for currency and credit were generally imperceptible, except over long periods; and, while admittedly imperfect, the gold standard is infinitely preferable to the present currency régime.

We should not, then, favor total rejection of the gold standard. On the contrary, our proposals embody its restoration, without, however, any preliminary deflation of existing paper currencies. In other words, let the paper currencies of all those countries which were formerly gold-using be made convertible into gold, not at the pre-war gold ratios, but at their values as measured by the actual exchange-rate with the United States dollar at the time chosen for taking this step, or the average exchange-rate over a selected period. The new ratios between gold and the currency unit would, of course, be made statutory in each country.

To illustrate by an example: suppose it were decided to repeal the old Coinage Act relating to gold, and make the pound sterling convertible into gold at the new rate determined by the average level of the New York exchange during, say, last month, which was \$3.656 to the pound. The United States dollar is equivalent to 23.22 grains of fine gold. This would make the pound sterling worth 84.89232 grains of fine gold, as compared with a former equivalent of 113.0016 grains; so that, if this rate were adopted the pound sterling could be made convertible into a standard gold coin containing 84.89232 grains of fine gold, and 7.71748 grains of alloy.

When the new ratio is in force, the now undervalued gold in the Bank of England and in the Currency Notes Reserve, instead of, as at present, covering £155,012,000, would cover £206,181,000 — that is, its paper equivalent would be increased in the ratio of, roughly 85:113. The outstanding total of Bank of England notes and Currency notes on September 14 was £421,879,000; so that the gold reserve would form forty-nine per cent of the note issue, or, after setting aside a reserve of thirty per cent, against notes in circulation, £79,617,000 would be available as a backing for deposits. The new par of exchange with the dollar would be \$3.656 to the pound; and when the new system was fully in operation the rate would vary from this level by only a fractional amount, determined by the cost of shipping gold from London to New York, on the one hand, and from New York to London, on the other. It will be understood, of course, that the figures in this example are selected by way of illustration, and are not suggested as those which should be adopted.

On perusing the foregoing paragraph, which gives the main general outline of our proposals, many questions of detail will doubtless occur to the reader. Before proceeding to discuss these, however, it is necessary to comment on the main principle involved, namely, that governments which, through the exigencies of war and post-war finance, have allowed the value of their currencies, expressed in terms of gold or commodities (and, of course, the value of their public debts), to depreciate by the process of inflation, are to be allowed to fulfill their obligations by repaying them at the depreciated value. In this connection we cannot do better than quote from Mr. Chamberlain's Budget speech of April 25, 1921. Dealing with the question of debt-redemption, he said:—

The first observation I would make is that it is obviously desirable that we should redeem as much Debt as we can while prices, though lower than they were, still remain above the level which we expect them to reach in a comparatively short time and to maintain over future years.

As far as we are aware, nobody took exception to this statement, which assumes precisely the same principle as that embodied in our proposals. If it had been possible to pay off the bulk of our debt last year, when prices were at the peak, and when, consequently, the commodity value of the debt was greatly depreciated, it is hardly conceivable that the repayment would have occasioned a general outcry among the holders, though in reality the Government would be paying back much less than it received. As prices have fallen heavily since 1920, the commodity value of the debt has increased, and on the same showing it ought to be legitimate to repay the debt at its present commodity value. We do not suggest, of course, what is obviously impossible, — that the debt should be redeemed in the near future, — but if our proposals are carried into effect, the real value of the debt will be more or less permanently fixed; so that the payment of a given nominal amount of the annual interest charge, or of the principal, would over a number of years represent approximately the same effort on the part of the Government.

Under existing conditions it is impossible to foretell with certainty the course of prices during the next few years. If the present inflationary finance of the Government should, in conjunction with a trade recovery, bring about a rise in the price-level, the commodity value of the debt would decline to the disadvantage of the holder. If, on the other hand, prices should fall, the real burden of the debt would be correspondingly increased. The same

applies to private as well as to public debts. The question of debts owing abroad must be postponed.

The foregoing discussion is closely connected with the question of deflation or inflation, to which we must revert for a moment. It is of the utmost importance to recognize that deflation always entails a sacrifice on the part of the Government no less than of industry, as the real burden of the debt is being increased while prices are falling. But, it might be argued, as the Government was itself mainly responsible for the inflation which lowered the value of the debt, it is but just that it should repay to its lenders, by means of deflation, the same value that it received, excluding, of course, the question of interest and whatever premium on redemption it originally undertook to pay. In strict justice this argument is indisputable; and for this reason *The Statist* originally supported the deflation movement. As already shown, however, while not denying the possibility of rigid deflation in this country, it must be admitted to be practically impossible in the case of most Continental nations; and as no currency scheme is acceptable which does not apply to all countries alike, the point of equity must be waived in favor of the requirements of the moment, which demand above all things stable foreign exchanges. It is hardly necessary to add that a rigid campaign of deflation entails the danger that the commodity value of the public debt may be enhanced beyond what it represented when originally incurred.

Turning to the other side of the question, it is evident that inflation, by constantly raising prices, is detrimental to creditors, being favorable to trade as well as to the debtor interest. This

partly explains the increasing trade activity in Germany at the present time; for inflation is still the policy of that nation, as well as of most of the devastated countries. State expenditure in Germany is at present much greater than the tax revenue. The deficit for the current financial year is estimated at 50,000,000,000 marks, and this is being covered by the issue of papermoney. As long as this continues, the value of the mark abroad will trend downwards — a movement that stimulates the German export trade and gives German exporters an increasing power in competing for foreign markets. All this would be reversed if Germany turned to deflation; the commodity value of the mark would improve with falling prices, but, as in other countries, the present boom would be succeeded by a period of depression. The present value of the German mark, expressed in terms of dollars, is about \$0.0094, as against a pre-war value of \$0.2382. It is, accordingly, approximately only one-twenty-sixth of its former gold value. When to this is added the fact that notes of the Imperial Bank of Germany at present in circulation amount to approximately 80,000,000,000 marks, the impossibility of rigid deflation on the part of the German Government appears unquestionable. If, on the other hand, the present inflation is allowed to continue, the result can be only financial chaos.

What is true of Germany in this respect applies with much greater force to certain other European nations, such as Poland and Austria. By reintroducing into these countries gold convertibility of the currency on approximately the present basis of values, the evil would be automatically checked.

# IF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT APPEARED TO-DAY

BY J. H. McNULTY

From *The Dickensian*, October  
(QUARTERLY OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP)

WE all know what we ought to think of the great masterpieces of our literature, for we have the opinions of countless critics and the verdict of the world to guide us. We may all discover, by reading early reviews of these great works, what contemporary critics thought of them. What we do not know, though we may hazard a guess, is how these books would be received, if they were written to-day by authors not yet famous. We may even conjecture as to the kind of criticism that would be written if they were published not now, but at some date in the more or less distant future. Let us make this attempt.

If *Martin Chuzzlewit* appeared to-day, how would it be received? Might we not imagine something like this being written:—

‘The latest book of Mr. Dickens will not, we think, add to his reputation. It is vulgar and intensely prejudiced; this alone would not, in these days, necessarily mean failure, but it has the unpardonable sin of being tedious, and that in no small degree. We are not bigots with regard to Mr. Dickens, and though we could not approve of the very one-sided account he has given us in his earlier volumes of the poor law, the workhouse, and the Education system of the country, yet we readily admit that in *Barnaby Rudge* and *The Old Curiosity Shop* he has shown signs of unmistakable talent. This new book of his, however, is a relapse. He has thought it necessary in his opening chapter to give the pedigree of the

Chuzzlewit family. Here is his chance and he makes the most of it. Where is the democrat who would not have a fling at the aristocracy? Yet, is this a time when such attacks should be made—when half the world is in incipient revolt against all decency and good breeding, and our own House of Lords has but a mere shadow of its former power? After several pages of vapid verbiage and forced humor (forced humor is like forced rhubarb, tasteless and insipid), we come to the story. Story did we say? Let us admit at once that there is no story. Plot has never been a strong point with this author, and here it is of the flimsiest nature. Old Martin Chuzzlewit is the possessor of a large fortune, and the principal theme of the book deals with the hopes and fears and schemings of his relations to be lucky inheritors of this money.

‘Young Martin Chuzzlewit has expectations, but quarrels with his uncle; and for a time takes up his residence with a Mr. Pecksniff, another member of the family, for the purpose of learning architecture. Pecksniff is painted as an arch-hypocrite, and by his soft speech ingratiates himself with Old Martin, who comes and dwells under his roof. No sooner does the rich old man tell him to get rid of Martin, than instantly he turns the young man adrift. Martin goes first to London, and then to America. America is the home of Democracy, and we should have imagined that Mr. Dickens, as a democrat, would have had some word of appreciation for a country which is, as he

would say, unspoiled by aristocratic traditions.

'But no; the whole American episode is a violent, virulent attack on the country, its public men and institutions. The statesmen are depicted as ignorant, venal, and boastful, as violently antagonistic to any country other than their own. The cultured and literary classes are held up to ridicule, as absurd as it is unmerited. Compared with his denunciations of America, his castigation of English institutions is mild, and he appears to say, "If I chastise my own countrymen with whips, I will chastise you with scorpions." Surely this is not the time to attack a great friendly nation, which has been our ally in the recent war. Surely it should be the duty of every public man to do all he can to preserve good feeling and friendliness between the two great English-speaking peoples. If the mutual sentiments of these two countries are left to the misrepresentations of such bigots as Mr. Dickens, there is little likelihood of any growth of cordiality between them. After a disastrous attempt at farming, Martin and his companion return to England. He is happily reconciled to his uncle, who has, it appears, only pretended to be friendly with Pecksniff, and now turns on him and upbraids him for his baseness and hypocrisy, though the author does not seem to notice that the old man, on his own showing, is the greater hypocrite of the two. The virtuous hero becomes the heir to his uncle's fortune, and the disagreeable and scheming relatives are discomfited. There are, of course, many subsidiary plots. There is a violent attack on the nursing profession, represented by two impossible old women named respectively Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig. Needless to say, it is in the worst possible taste.

There is also a description of a business house called "The Anglo-Bengalee

Disinterested Loan and Life Assurance Co." It is represented as a fraudulent concern, and as such we should have no desire to defend it; but more is meant than immediately meets the eye, for it is in reality a thinly-veiled attack on the capitalist system, the particular *bête noire* of every radical and democrat, and we believe Mr. Dickens is both. Most of the denunciation in the book is so wild as to be ridiculous rather than dangerous, and such it would be in normal times. But these are not normal times. These are perilous times, when the world is seething with unrest, when all kinds of revolutionary schemes are regarded as beneficent reforms; at such times a book, however foolish, may be a real danger, if it attacks well-established institutions, misrepresents and calumniates the upper classes, and insults foreign nations. The book does all these things. We would appeal to Mr. Dickens to recall from circulation a volume which cannot enhance his reputation except with the vilest and basest of mankind.'

Let us give wings to our imagination and take a peep into the future, and guess how the book might be reviewed if it appeared, say, a few hundred years hence. For this purpose, we must assume that movements which are now in their infancy, or youth, will develop and grow, and that others will spring up.

The Review might go something like this:—

'In his latest historical novel, Mr. Dickens has chosen the early nineteenth century for his period, and *The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit*, just issued by the Government Press, is a brilliant, and in the main, we believe, an accurate picture of that far-off age.

'The main theme (there are, as is usual with Mr. Dickens, many minor ones) deals with the struggles and plottings of the members of the Chuzzlewit

family to obtain the inheritance of Old Martin Chuzzlewit's fortune. We may remind our readers, whose knowledge of history has grown rusty, that during the nineteenth century the right to bequeath wealth according to the will of the testator was practically unlimited. A man might possess a fortune of many millions, and when he died he might, after making some provision for his wife, dispose of the remainder in whatever way he chose. This right continued into the early years of the twentieth century. Needless to say, such a custom led to all manner of intrigues in a family where one member possessed a large fortune.

'In an early chapter of the book, Mr. Dickens describes a meeting of the Chuzzlewit family in the house of one Seth Pecksniff, who may be regarded as the principal hypocrite of the family. It is a scene of disgusting greed, and after much quarreling, the meeting breaks up in disorder. Old Martin eventually falls under the influence of this Pecksniff, who, to the covetousness which he shares with other members of the family, adds an extremely plausible tongue and a moral sententiousness of conversation. Pecksniff keeps a kind of small private academy of architecture, and the pupils (not more than two or three in number) are taught by his assistant, Tom Pinch, who is a curious mixture of simplicity, credulity, and industry. He spends whatever spare time he has, and Pecksniff, the covetous capitalist, does not leave him much, in playing the organ in the Village Church, by hand. Mr. Dickens is here historically correct: it was not unusual for men in those days to spend years in acquiring sufficient manual dexterity to play the most difficult music. The dexterity of musical performers during the nineteenth century was truly remarkable, but it was obtained only by weary years of continual practice. The perfecting of the

pianola and kindred machines rendered all this waste of time and labor unnecessary. To this private school of Pecksniff, young Martin Chuzzlewit, nephew to the old man, is for a time admitted. He is the hero of the story, and as is right and proper, must go on his adventures and suffer many trials. He is dismissed from Pecksniff's by the advice of his rich uncle, whose word, on account of his riches, is all powerful. In company with Mark Tapley, the hostler of the Village Inn, he goes first to London and then to America. The description of America gives us an insight into the causes of the continual wars that disgraced this unhappy period of our history. Martin sees nothing good in America; the persons he meets are all painted as aggressively patriotic, intensely prejudiced and self-assertive, of filthy habits, ignorant, violent, and dishonest. When the people of one country held such opinions concerning their fellow creatures in another, it is not to be wondered at that wars were so frequent.

'We should like to draw the Government's attention to a passage occurring early in the book — the description of the Inn at Salisbury, where Tom Pinch and John Westlock dined: —

A famous Inn! the hall a very grove of *dead game* and *dangling joints* of *mutton*, and in one corner an *illustrious* larder, with glass doors, developing cold fowls and *noble joints*.

'This passage sounds grotesque when we remember that all this is a description of the slaughtered corpses of animals and birds. Such epithets as "famous, noble, and illustrious" are scarcely the right ones to apply to a charnel-house, for such indeed was a twentieth century inn.

'A novelist has a right to be historically correct, but he need not sicken us by his horrid insistence on these disgusting details. Indeed, Mr. Dickens seems

to gloat over these descriptions of the filthy eating and drinking of the period, and we are somewhat surprised at the Censor of Books passing this and similar passages, especially those regarding meat-eating. We cannot but remember that it is only one hundred years since compulsory vegetarianism was adopted in this country.

'Less than twenty years ago serious meat-riots occurred in the North of England, which recalled the drink-riots of a previous century.

'The erudition of Mr. Dickens is shown by many subtle touches, and the student will do well to read the book carefully. Rarely will he find the novelist tripping, and never in any important matter; for instance, he writes in Chapter 16: "The Misses Norris sang in all languages except their own — German, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Swiss." He is quite right; the learning of languages was general among the cultured classes at that time; the knowledge of various tongues was considered an indispensable part of a good education. Indeed, in many business undertakings, to be able to speak several languages was not merely an accomplishment, but a necessity.

'The universal adoption of Esperanto put an end to all this. We would like to ask Mr. Dickens, however, what proof there is of the existence of a separate Swiss language. To the best of our knowledge, there is no professor of Swiss at any of the Government universities where the study of dead languages is still pursued.

'The grotesque names of the various characters, Chuzzlewit, Spottletoe, Tapley, Pecksniff, are typical of the age.

'Except for the few blots we have pointed out, the book is an interesting historical study of a fascinating period of history, and is highly recommended by the Book Ministry.'

Such might be the criticism of the book in the future, but the earlier criticisms are the best. Forster says it is 'By far the most masterly of his writings hitherto.' Earlier still Sydney Smith had written 'Chuffey is admirable. I never read a finer piece of writing.' The earliest judgment of the whole book was Dickens's own: 'I think Chuzzlewit in a hundred points immeasurably the best of my stories.' Here the author himself is his truest critic.

# HUNGARY AND PAN-SLAVISM

BY DR. GUSTAV GRATZ

*[This article, by the former Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, points out the difficult position which the new Hungarian Republic occupies in the path of Pan-Slavic ambitions.]*

From *Pester Lloyd*, September 13  
(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

THE request of Hungary to be admitted to the League of Nations, as reported in yesterday's newspapers, was bitterly opposed even before this report appeared, especially by the Czechs and Yugoslavs. To-day, as in days gone by, it is the policy of these two powers to stamp Hungary as the real disturber of the peace of Central Europe; and this claim is put forth as the reason for opposing the admission of Hungary to membership in the League of Nations. However, we recognize therein merely a repetition of the fable of the wolf and the lamb. The ambition of our neighboring Slavic nations constitutes the real danger, and it is very much to be desired that those elements which are at present wielding a decisive influence upon the foreign policy of Europe shall give proper attention to this subject. During the existence of the old monarchy this danger was one of the mainsprings of our foreign policy, and such it must remain in the same degree under the changed conditions.

The foreign policy of the Hungarian statesmen has for several decades been governed in the main by one factor, namely, the relationship of Hungary to the Slavic nations north and south of her — nations which had the strong backing of Russia; or, at any rate, of the Pan-Slavic elements in that immense country. It can hardly be denied that our statesmen have always under-

stood this situation fully and accurately. It is not so certain that they used correct methods in their endeavor to solve the problem thus created. To-day, after the conclusion of a peace which has demonstrated the failure of these methods, it is more easy to make people see that the wrong methods were used. This conclusion needs only one qualification. In order to make it absolute, one must needs know whether any other method, among those which were possible, would not have produced the same results much earlier. This will remain for the historians to determine.

As a matter of practical politics, it is necessary to show, on the one hand, that, even under the great changes brought about by the World-War, this problem has lost none of its former significance; and, on the other hand, that old methods have been entirely inadequate, making it necessary to seek and find new solutions of the old problem.

The problem itself is created by the geographical position of Hungary. It is a well-known fact that Czechs with old Slavic tendencies considered the settlement of the plains of the Danube and of the Tisza the greatest calamity that could have befallen the Slavic national life, because thereby a wedge was driven between the northern and southern tribes of this race, which they love to think of as an undivided whole. The fact that this condition was not

looked upon as a calamity for more than nine centuries, and that it was not designated as such until the middle of the nineteenth century, means, even to those who do not share this historical conception, that the existence of an independent Hungary has become embarrassing and, in a measure, intolerable, to the neighboring Slavic countries, because of newly awakened tendencies on their part.

This is a fact with which Hungarian politics will have to reckon. The endeavor of these other nations to join hands across Hungary, as well as across Austria, which is in a similar position, cannot be overcome by even the most peaceful political methods of mutilated Hungary; for its success promises these other nations an increase of power. Statesmen who have learned self-control will and can forego this advantage; but the people will never do so.

This, of course, does not necessarily mean the annihilation of Hungary; for nations cannot be annihilated. The Slavs would be satisfied to undermine the independence of Hungary — to reduce Hungary to a sort of Slavic vassal state, which would be at the mercy of our neighbors north and south of us. I do not claim that this tendency is consciously determining the policy of the present leaders in our neighboring states, for I could not make such a statement in a way that would exclude all doubt; nor is it necessary to do so. It is necessary only to recognize that these tendencies are possible, if not probable, in order to justify the conclusion that our foreign policy must be constantly on guard against such dangers; the principal aim of this policy being the defense of our own country's independence and sovereignty.

Before the war there were two political methods by which this danger could be met. One of them — the one

which was actually followed — had for its aim to hinder the development of the Slavic nations along economic and educational lines — to prevent them from becoming strong and independent, since there was danger that they would use this strength and independence to bring the anticipated catastrophe upon the Hungarian nation and the German portion of Austria. Another possible policy would have been to meet the ambition of the Slavic nations by gradually bringing about a transformation of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy into a sort of United States of Central Europe, and thereby to have retained a decisive influence over this development. The modern historian can undertake no more interesting task than to elucidate retrospectively the politics of Austro-Hungary from this standpoint, to explain the motives which have actually determined the political methods that were followed, and to point out their influence upon the domestic and foreign policies of the Dual Monarchy. To do this would furnish the answer to many a question which now keeps public opinion stirred up. At all events, Hungary must now face the fact that the political growth and independence of those nations, whose natural ambition appears to menace its own independence, indeed its very existence, present an undeniable problem.

It would be a senseless undertaking for Hungarian politics to try to force historical development into new channels. We are not strong enough for that, and no one has the right to expose his nation to the danger of bleeding to death in the endeavor to attain an impossible goal. However, it can and must be our aim to approximate that condition which would have come about if Hungary and Austria had determined to follow a different political method in its treatment of the Slavic

element within the Dual Monarchy, namely, the gradual development of its political independence. This does not mean that we should not try to do away with certain palpably unjust provisions in the Peace Treaty — provisions which, in my humble opinion, are of no real benefit even to the nations concerned; but this may be accomplished by peaceful methods. It does mean, on the other hand, that we must reject emphatically those chimerical plans which aim to reduce the Slavic element of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy to the rôle which it played before the date of the Peace Treaty. It means, furthermore, that, while having the highest regard for the political independence of the nations concerned, we should seek, through proper agreements, to give back to them the economic advantages which old Austria-Hungary offered. Finally, it means that, in questions of foreign and domestic policy, both sides, despite their differences, should gradually modify existing views and create a warmer, more cordial atmosphere. Our policy must have the one aim — to draw the states closer together instead of causing further estrangement between them. The future will answer the question as to where this policy leads and what possibilities it opens up.

There is only one danger in the pursuit of this plan — that the line may be overstepped beyond which every move would constitute a danger to our own independence. After having reached this point, one must have the strength to say to his neighbor, who has meanwhile become a friend, 'Thus far and no farther'; for there is no doubt, and it may be proved, that there exists outside our borders a desire for a Hungary which will do the bidding of its neigh-

bors. Only political amateurs will allow themselves to be blinded to this fact by smooth words. Siren songs are constantly being wafted over our border, informing us that as soon as 'a democratic Hungary' exists, our neighbors will be glad to extend it a friendly hand. Translated into the language of realism, these songs mean that our neighbors are ready to befriend Hungary when a more pliant and obliging régime takes the place of the present one. A friendship purchased at this price would mean the beginning of the death-struggle of Hungarian independence.

Friendly relations with our neighbors are desirable so long as they are regarded as relations between parties enjoying the same rights and privileges. We cannot be expected to change ourselves into lambs, which may be devoured by the wolves who lie in wait to pounce upon us when the right time seems to have come. These gentle animals are typical of those among our politicians who are misled by beautiful but meaningless phrases about democracy, pacificism, and peace between nations.

We are ready for friendly relations with the nations north and south of us; but we absolutely decline the attitude of servility which some of them demand of us. When this attitude is appreciated, — and it will be appreciated as soon as the pledge of an obedient Hungary is seen to be an unrealizable promise made by wholly irresponsible politicians, — it will meet with acquiescence. A relationship which would lessen our independence in favor of our neighbors to the north and the south would be suicidal because of our geographical position and the conditions arising therefrom.

# THE CURE FOR SOCIAL DISCONTENT

BY H. W. HOUSEHOLD, M.A.

From *The Hibbert Journal*, October  
(RELIGIOUS QUARTERLY)

It is well, amid our social and industrial troubles, sometimes to look back a century or so and see whence we have come and by what route. The practice clears the vision and helps us to see ahead. We get some picture of the paths before us, and of the goals, alternative, to which they lead.

In 1807 a President of the Royal Society, speaking in the House of Commons, told his fellow members, the great majority of whom agreed with him, that, —

however specious in theory the project might be of giving education to the laboring classes of the poor, it would in effect be found to be prejudicial to their morals and happiness: it would teach them to despise their lot in life, instead of making them good servants in agriculture, and other laborious employments to which their rank in society had destined them; instead of teaching them subordination it would render them factious and refractory, as was evident in the manufacturing counties; it would enable them to read seditious pamphlets, vicious books, and publications against Christianity; it would render them insolent to their superiors, and in a few years the result would be that the Legislature would find it necessary to direct the strong arm of power toward them, and to furnish the executive magistrate with much more vigorous laws than were now in force.

The occasion of these remarks, the tone of which would shock almost all of us to-day, was a debate upon a bill for the general provision of elementary schools throughout England. Needless to say, it was not a Government measure. It found few friends in either

House, and was killed by the House of Lords upon the advice of the Lord Chancellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The first factory act had not then been passed. Not till 1819 did Parliament take pity on the child and make a first beginning of reform by forbidding his employment in a cotton mill for more than twelve hours a day — for more than twelve hours a day unless, sturdy little fellow, he (or she) was more than nine! It took fourteen more years to raise the age to thirteen and bring the hours of labor down to nine. The reform did not extend beyond the factories. In the coal-pits cruelty unthinkable continued till 1842, and tiny mites of five and six of both sexes still worked for twelve hours a day and more, in the dark. After 1842, things were better. No girls or women could be employed underground at all, and no boys till they were ten.

Universal compulsory education, of course, was still nearly forty years away, and there are labor leaders still living who will tell how they left school under bye-laws as soon as they were eight. Slowly, very slowly, conditions have improved. Much has been done, but very much remains to do. To-day no child under twelve may be employed at all, and no child under fourteen may be employed in a pit or factory or upon any industrial process. As for education, as soon as peace has been declared with Turkey, attendance at school will be compulsory up to the age of fourteen; and the Education Act of 1918,

when it has its full effect, will take us further still, unless indeed the reactionary gets the upper hand and we sacrifice our future to a false economy.

The shock of war awoke a brief-lived enthusiasm for education. The early successes of the German taught us that we must discover, develop, and employ all the resources of mind within the country if we would beat him. Now that he is beaten, the old indifference gains once more upon us. Squandermania must be checked, and Mr. Fisher, of all men, is a spendthrift. If schooling is to cost so much, we must do without it (only, 'we' shall not; it is 'they' who will — a very different thing). We could afford to teach men how to kill, no matter what it cost. It is not so plain to us that the safety of the State equally requires that we shall afford to teach them how to live.

For a time after the war had ended we were told that, if we would survive in the great world-fight for trade which was to follow, we must still discover brains and develop them with all our war-time diligence. Members of Parliament and platform politicians had no doubt of it — no doubt at all, for eighteen months. But the seed had been sown upon a stony soil. Men and women, boys and girls, were still but a part of the industrial machine. The politician and the employer had advanced so far in a century as to believe, for a few months, that it would pay to educate them to a point of technical efficiency. But out of that shallow soil could spring no vision, nor any faith in the power of education, and of education only, to teach men and women how to establish and maintain in safety, by vote and influence, a great progressive, democratic state, and live as self-respecting and wholly worthy members of it. There is no resolve, no wish even, that this shall be; no conviction that it should be.

There are those who still think, with the President of the Royal Society, that education inspires discontent. They are the men who cry out on Mr. Fisher, and call for the revision of his Education Act. Mr. Fisher, with one of his many illuminating aphorisms, routs these recreants. 'Education,' he tells us, 'does not cause discontent, but heals it.' But let us beware. The education that shall do this is more than a bare minimum of reading, writing, and arithmetic; more than a technical training for the workshop or the office. It must be a liberal education, and it must be no exceptional privilege for a favored few: all must share it. It is but a form of insurance against uttermost disaster.

If we *will* sow the wind, we know the whirlwind follows. An uneducated democracy is a danger to itself and to the world. Let the Russian revolution teach us. An ignorant and down-trodden people, inflamed by hopes that have proved so tragically vain, followed with blind enthusiasm leaders whose sufferings under repression and persecution had distorted their mental growth, and made of them fanatics — honest and most able and, therefore, most dangerous fanatics. They are extreme men, men of one idea, to the service of which all their reading, all their thinking, all their great intellectual ability, have been steadily directed. They trained themselves, as so many of our young labor leaders are training themselves, to serve a cause — not to seek and follow truth with a single heart. History, as they read it, tells one long tale of wrong. The past has nothing to teach them, so they will not search it; and while they will not, ripe judgment never can be theirs. They take no account of the ways of human nature, or of the age-long story of its action and reaction under the stimulus of circumstances; for, as they judge,

the nature of the capitalist is always to exploit and oppress the worker, and there's an end of it.

But that is only to kick against the pricks. For knowledge in its widest sense, true knowledge, they have no use. It is too balanced; it makes no partisans. They have made up their minds before they begin their studies, offending against Bacon's golden rule. 'Read not,' he says, 'to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.' These men, and those who follow them, are upon a road that leads straight and swiftly to ruin and despair. And that road we too shall surely travel to its end, unless we set the young upon the path of knowledge, and teach them to weigh and consider; to search out with reverence the lessons of the past, and with humility to accept their mission as fore-runners of that distant Future which shall be so infinitely wiser, nobler, happier than To-day. For we are not, as some would have it, the heirs of all the ages. Our civilization is but a transitory phase. It is born of the far past; it will give place to the long hereafter. The learning of the twentieth century has not summed up all knowledge.

'What we have seen and felt, what we think we know,' says Grayson, in his delightful *Adventures in Contentment*, 'are insignificant compared with that which may be known.'

Not long ago, coming in from my fields, I fell to thinking of the supreme wonder of a tree; and as I walked I met the professor.

'How,' I asked, 'does the sap get up to the top of those great maples and elms? What power is there that should draw it upward against the force of gravity?'

He looked at me a moment with his peculiar slow smile.

'I don't know,' he said.

'What!' I exclaimed; 'do you mean to tell me that science has not solved this simplest of natural phenomena?'

'We do not know,' he said. 'We explain, but we do not know.'

There is, after all, but a difference of degree between the professor and those early scientists among primeval men, who, observing the vigorous growth of corn self-sown in the broken soil about the burial mounds, attributed it, not to the breaking of the soil, but to the presence of the corpse, and taught thenceforward that those who would be progressive and raise crops for food must kill a man and bury him, must make a sacrifice, at the time of sowing. They did not know; they explained. Even Newton did not know, he only explained, when he gave to the world his law of gravitation. Einstein himself can do no more. Time, space, matter, force, mind, God, still present riddles to us beyond our wit to solve.

Knowledge is but a relative term. It varies with man's power to observe and to interpret. It is one thing to-day, another to-morrow. Between the Jehovah of the Exodus and the Jehovah of Isaiah the difference is profound. And there is not yet an end of revelation. The God of ten thousand years hence will surely differ as profoundly from the God whom our doctors of religion preach to us.

'The reading of histories is the school of wisdom,' says Amyot in his preface to Plutarch's *Lives*. In that school the boy, the man, even the young man, shall learn intellectual humility, he shall be trained in judgment and shall gain vision. A Darwin, before whose mind is always present the infinite extent of the unknown, is humble. It is the men of little knowledge who are so arrogantly confident, so intolerant. That arrogance and that intolerance threaten danger. They are symptoms of the disease of discontent, which

springs from ignorance and old injustice, and for which education is the only cure. One does not heap reproach on those who sicken of some widespread plague. That would be mere idiocy: it would neither heal the sick nor protect the sound against infection. One fetches in the doctor and the nurse and all the apparatus of preventive medicine. It is equally futile, equally impolitic, to reproach the hothead leaders of the labor movement, or the masses who applaud them. When injustice and ignorance are mated, suspicion, folly, ill-considered and precipitate action, even criminal violence, are their rightful progeny. Who from such a union could expect to issue reason in argument, wisdom in judgment, restraint in action, tolerance in relations?

Those who condemn the worker and his leaders, because of the suicidal folly of so much that they say and do, have not tried to see things from the worker's point of view. They should read what the workers read, and what is a grim tradition among them — the industrial history of the early nineteenth century. It is a tale of iniquitous injustice practiced by the employer, with the approval and assistance of Parliament and the law courts: of monstrous hours that made of life a slavery; of wages so low that a man must take poor relief and put his mites of five and six to work if he would live (and those wages would be reduced at the first hint of trade depression, but never raised again upon the advent of renewed prosperity); of trickery that always made of industriousness an excuse to clip something off the rate of pay for piece-work; of legislation steadily directed against him; of magistrates who twisted old statutes to silence his protests, and then connived at the flagrant evasion by employers of the few acts of Parliament that restrained their greed

or put a limit to their tyrannous abuse of power.

Treatment such as this leaves memories that are not easily obliterated, and suspicions that import prejudice into every argument. And the bitterness of these memories is intensified by the daily contrast between the lives of rich and poor. 'They make us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride,' said John Ball nearly six centuries ago; and the worker's way of thinking it is still the same to-day.

Labor does take narrow and exclusive views. But how should breadth of view and a large tolerance find a way into lives that are spent in poor houses and mean streets, and a drab environment in which cultured intercourse, social amenities, great literature, poetry, art, the drama, travel, and all that makes life worth living, have no part?

There is only one medicine for what is amiss with labor. Education, a liberal education, alone can cure the sickness and prevent its further spread. And education, this sovereign cure, we stint and dilute till it has lost all power for good. To the great mass of the people we offer as a substitute mere beggarly elements that have no healing in them. As children we lead them, with an air of patronage, up to a little ladder set in a high park wall, beyond which there lies (so they have heard) a copious spring of healing, draughts inexhaustible of literature, history, art, music, for which they are athirst. All that opens the mind and trains the judgment is there, but they may not approach.

The wall should be breached, so that all who will may enter; secondary education, like elementary, should be free. But the wall is not breached, and there is still but one way in — the little ladder, before which stands on guard a sentry, the examiner, who, like Odysseus in Hades, by the spot where

the loud-voiced rivers met, admits but a chosen few out of the mass that surges round. The others he turns back into the thirsty wilderness, where they jostle for the rest of their maimed lives, discontented and irritable, and ever more suspicious of a system that absorbs their best into the world above them, and leaves them apart, hewers of wood and drawers of water, depressed intellectually, socially, and industrially, though formidable by numbers, and armed with all the power of the vote, which ignorance dooms them to misuse.

Who shall wonder that uneducated masses, moved by resentment at the long tale of manifold injustice, and always oppressed by an insistent dread of unemployment, resort to restriction of output, and strike for rates of pay which they cannot (or perhaps will not)

earn; or that, when their products in consequence are undersold by foreign competitors, and trade to their own discomfiture falls off, they are ready to believe that their employers are entering upon a wide conspiracy to rob them of their wage once more?

It is folly, but a folly that is the inevitable fruit of ignorance. If we will permit ignorance to exist when we might dispel it, we must not wonder that we make potential revolutionaries. Until we educate, labor cannot see the truth of things. It can read the seditious pamphlets that the President of the Royal Society was so much afraid of, but it cannot weigh them and consider, for it lacks the wider knowledge and the power of judgment needful to enable it to detect false reasoning and reject with decision and advice.

## BRITISH POLICY IN THE NEAR EAST

BY JACQUES BARDOUX

From *L'Opinion*, October 1  
(PARIS NATIONALIST LITERARY WEEKLY)

JACQUES BAINVILLE, in an illuminating article, recently pointed out that, if the British government has succeeded in imposing its financial and territorial decisions upon Europe, in Asia it has suffered repeated checks. Persia is lost; Afghanistan is threatened; Palestine is agitated, and India is full of unrest. And now the Greek defeat, foreseen some months ago by my collaborator, Madame Berthe Georges-Gaulis, writing in these columns, ruins the chimerical policy of revolution and conquest which would

substitute a Greek empire for that of Mohammedan Turkey. The stability of our work in Africa, which advances slowly and without much public attention, stands in happy contrast with the instability of this Asiatic adventure, which no longer bears the mark of British prudence or that of English practicality.

These repeated checks may be explained by errors originally made in the choice of objectives. The Eastern question is a single question; it is not possible to subdivide it into parts.

Russia and Turkey are too narrowly bound together by nature and by history to permit separate treatment of their problems. The policy that the Western states follow with respect to the one cannot be separated from that which they adopt with respect to the other. The history of nearly two centuries is the proof of this. But the time has passed when statesmen deign to reflect upon the lessons of history. Surprised by the extent of their Southern victories, they imagine that they can make a clean sheet of the past. They wish to write on fresh pages. The old lands of Asia, the cradle of European civilization, are ill-adapted to such treatment.

In Russia, the British Foreign Office now insists on standing alone. In Turkey, an ally acts on its behalf and it finances this intermediary. With respect to Russian policy, peace appears to the British government as the only satisfactory solution. With respect to Turkish nationalism, it sees no alternative to war. It believes with equal assurance in the possibility of appeasing the Slavic propagandists by concessions, and of overcoming the Turkish propagandists by force — as if this double policy could be as satisfactory a mode of restoring the peace as joint economic action by the Allies.

On September 17, Lord Curzon recorded the failure of his Russian policy. In a long dispatch he cites all the violations of good faith committed by the Soviets in the interval between their pledge of last March, not to carry on any more propaganda, and their latest hostile act toward the British Empire. And what violations of good faith! The incitement of anti-British agitation in India and Afghanistan, in Persia and Turkestan; protection and financial support granted to the conspirators; assistance rendered in the manufacture of arms and ammunition! Never has

any government treated His Majesty's representatives with such contempt. It accepts both British money and hospitality. It promises concessions. It signs treaties and contracts. And it continues to organize against the British Empire, although nominally at peace with it, an irregular war in Asia, without thereby incurring any other risk than that of receiving a long admonition, a simple notice without any threat of punishment. It is said that the French diplomats reproach Lord Curzon with being imperious and domineering. They might well inquire the secret of this forbearance.

The defeat of the Greek army and of the Hohenzollern brother-in-law, near the holy city of Angora, constitutes for the Eastern policy of the United Kingdom a second check, of a different kind, but no less substantial. Force has succeeded no better than concessions in pacifying Western Asia and in reopening its markets. And it is not the sudden discovery at Constantinople of a grand conspiracy, so quickly followed by the departure on leave of General Harrington, that will increase the prestige of the British Government among the Turks. Things were done better in the days of Canning, Palmerston, and Disraeli.

Then as now, indeed, the British Foreign Office pursued on the Bosphorus a double objective — to protect the road to India and to preserve the balance of Europe. The integrity of Turkey was a guaranty at once of the safety of the British Empire and the stability of affairs on the Continent. But these two objectives were of unequal importance. The colonial objective was placed ahead of the European. It was more important to protect the highway of commerce than to maintain the balance of power. The independence of Turkey would have been assured, even if its annexation by Russia

would not have boded grave consequences to Europe.

But conditions to-day have changed. A new situation has been established. The Arab state and Jewish Palestine have inherited the rôle which formerly, for more than a century, fell to the lot of Turkey. This rôle is no longer vital to English security, since Russia has been crushed and the Balkans liberated. But the Eastern question, the principal European objective, becomes hereafter the Colonial objective. And if the British Foreign Office, under the guidance of Mr. Lloyd George, permits itself to be used to serve the ambitions of the Greeks, it is because the restoration of the Greek-Byzantine Empire seems to it the means of weakening French influence and offsetting Italian power in the Orient.

This policy is dangerous, as are all policies which rely upon war for the foundation of a durable structure of peace. Armies no longer suffice for the building of empires. There is need also of suitable territories and materials. Armies can only execute a policy or exploit a superior economic position. Asia Minor however, lends itself to neither of these alternatives. A few months and a few divisions would not suffice to herd beyond the Taurus the Mohammedan population, or to search out, define, and organize a strategic frontier. Such a task, even if it were a legitimate one, would exceed the resources at the disposal of the Greek people.

If an ephemeral success had raised their hopes, it would have immediately excited the jealousy of their neighbors. To terminate the war in Asia Minor in such a fashion would be to prepare another in the Balkan Peninsula. Rumania and Serbia are no longer of so little consequence as to abandon interest in the fate of Turkey and in the custody of the Straits. And if the Quai

d'Orsay should choose for once a bold policy, and ally itself with the Little Entente, — if the four states should give notice together that the Eastern question could not be settled without their consent, — what would remain of the great project attempted in Asia Minor by the Greek King, with the approval and support of the British Foreign Office? Corpses and ruins.

The soil is already covered with both. The structure has collapsed even before it was completed. This unfinished project will have no other result than to make the situation more complex and peace more difficult.

English statesmen would never have attempted such a project if they had found time to read the last two volumes of the excellent *Life of Disraeli*, a masterpiece packed with valuable and little-known information.

The first lesson to appear for the rulers of the day would be the crisis of 1878. England cannot be indifferent to the fate of the Asiatic territories which have been carved out of the Turkish Empire. Disraeli never permitted himself to be beguiled by the task of preserving to the Sultan in Europe sufficient territory to cover the passage through the Bosphorus. He never forgot the keys to the gates of Anatolia and Persia. Before repairing to the Congress of Berlin, on May 30, 1878, in order to insure himself against surprise, he took care, like a skillful diplomat who understands his task, to reach a preliminary understanding with Russia. But he did not rest content with establishing the Turkish frontier in the Balkans. He obtained from Shuvaloff, if not the surrender of Kars and Batoum, at least the evacuation of Bayazid. He did more. He avowed that 'the task of protecting the Turkish Empire against the danger which would result from the extension of the Russian frontier in Asia would

fall heavily upon Great Britain, and could be fulfilled without exposing Europe to the calamity of a new war.

On June 4, by a second secret treaty, the British Foreign Office undertook, in return for the cession of Cyprus, to defend Turkey's Asiatic provinces if they should be attacked by Russia. This valuable guaranty the Turks, who have a genius for political suicide, threw away when they entered into the alliance with Germany. And it is wholly natural that the British Foreign Office should cherish resentment against them on this account. But cherishing resentment is not sound politics. Among statesmen worthy to succeed Canning, Palmerston, and Disraeli such a situation would not have lasted long enough to have caused them to forget the first lesson of 1878. A religious war unloosed on the plateaus of Anatolia by the Christian invaders and Mohammedan Turks would constitute for the security of the British Empire such a peril that it ought to be removed by British intervention.

On the other hand, Disraeli, like his two illustrious predecessors, would have quickly understood that the natural ally of the United Kingdom in Asia Minor is France. Heir to an ancient past, surrounded by great prestige, it does not seek in Western Asia to realize military conquests or commercial monopolies. It wishes only to extend its culture and to promote peace.

I understand well enough that, when the Eastern crisis began in August, 1875, Disraeli was convinced that 'there was no possibility of the reawakening of France as a military power' until many years should have passed. He began, therefore, by seeking elsewhere for necessary support for his policy of breaking up the German-Austrian-Russian association, and thus realizing this European objective. On February 10, 1876, he had Lord Derby

propose to Bismarck, although in vain, 'a concert of action in international affairs.' Later, he tried, with no greater success, the same scheme at Vienna. Again, on November 3, 1876, foreseeing the assembling of a conference at Constantinople, he suggests that Lord Derby sound out France in a similar fashion. On December 1, he instructed Lord Salisbury, then *en route* to Constantinople, not to fall into the net prepared by Bismarck and not to seek for England any compensation in the direction of Egypt; it was necessary to have regard for the susceptibilities of the French. In the midst of the Russian-Turkish War, conscious of the efforts that Berlin was making to create misunderstandings between St. Petersburg and London, Disraeli advises his Minister of Foreign Affairs to 'play for time; thus all can be won. A year and a half hence France will be armed' (February 9, 1877).

On his return from the Congress of Berlin, — where he had secured the support of France by waiving in her favor all claims to Tunis, — when rendering an account of his diplomatic triumph, Disraeli emphasized the care with which, during the negotiations concerning the East, he had adjusted the interests of the French Republic in Syria and in Egypt. When, some months later, the question of financial control at Cairo arose, he was insistent upon the maintenance of Franco-British coöperation. But Disraeli never limited himself, apart from Greece and Italy, to respecting the rights of the vanquished Republic: on September 27, 1879, in accord with Queen Victoria and Lord Salisbury, he refused to isolate France. When Count Munster came to Hughenden to offer him secretly a German alliance, he said reproachfully to the ambassador, 'Every act on the part of England which might appear hostile to France would be dis-

pleasing to the English people and would arouse its distrust, the commercial, social, and, to a certain extent, political relations between the two countries are so intimate.'

But Disraeli was no Puritan. The genial Jew refused to reopen the period of religious crusades 'long since closed,' and to serve the cause of racial prejudices. He pacified the East, saved Turkey, and aggrandized England, while at the same time remaining considerate of the interests of vanquished France. Without claiming to introduce any new policy, he took up and carried

on the old, which had been pursued at Constantinople against Russia by Canning and Palmerston in accord with France. Never was British influence more nearly supreme; never was the *Entente Cordiale* more sincere, than in 1826-27, 1854-56, 1878-79.

The new masters of the British Foreign Office have changed all this. They are fostering in the East a war against Mohammedan Turkey and against the influence of the French. It would be strange and unjust if this unprecedented enterprise should bear the same fruits and meet the same success.

## FORFEITING SIBERIAN GOOD-WILL

BY ORRIN KEITH

*[The writer of this article gives reasons for his opinion that representatives from the Far Eastern Republic should have been invited to the Washington Conference, and that, by omitting such an invitation, we have forfeited the good-will of the Siberian people.]*

From *The Weekly Review of the Far East*, September 10

In the spring of 1918, when the tide of Bolshevism, which had submerged Russia, was rising in the Russian Far East, there was much talk in the air of the advisability of a Japanese expedition to Siberia to protect the interests of the Allies. The great mass of the Siberians, who are neither Communists nor anything else to the exclusion of their economic well-being, were much perturbed over these rumors. Japan's apparent designs upon Eastern Asia had aroused as much suspicion and distrust in Siberia as they had in China and other quarters. The Siberians were not sure that they wanted Bolshevism; they were not sure that they wanted

democracy; they were not sure then what they did want. But they felt quite able to decide the questions for themselves in course of time. And they were very sure of one thing: they did not want Japanese interference.

Events followed one upon another with great rapidity, and in the early part of August, the United States and Japan announced a joint intervention. This was to be participated in by the other Allies, but the main bodies of troops were to be Japanese and American, in equal numbers.

The much-feared intervention had become a reality, but with a great saving factor. It was to be half American. In

proportion as the Siberians distrusted the Japanese they trusted the Americans. America had repeatedly shown her disinterestedness in Asiatic affairs, and had consistently refused to acquire any territory or privileges at the expense of Asiatic nations. The Siberians felt, therefore, that they could trust America to negative any aggressive proposals which the Japanese might make. This feeling was enhanced by the public statement in regard to the expedition made by Acting Secretary Polk. In this statement the declaration was made: —

In taking this action, the Government of the United States wishes to announce to the people of Russia in the most public and solemn manner that it contemplates no interference with the political sovereignty of Russia, no intervention in her internal affairs, not even in the local affairs of the limited areas which her military forces may be obliged to occupy, and no impairment of Russian territorial integrity, either now or hereafter; but that what we are about to do has as its single object the rendering of such aid as shall be acceptable to the Russian people themselves, in their endeavors to regain control of their own affairs, their own territory, and their own destiny.

Secretary Polk also stated that it was understood the Japanese Government would issue a similar statement. The Japanese statement included the following declaration: —

In adopting this course, the Japanese Government remain unshaken in their constant desire to promote relations of enduring friendship with Russia and the Russian people; and they reaffirm their avowed policy of respecting the territorial integrity of Russia and of abstaining from all interference in her internal politics. They further declare that, upon the realization of the objects above indicated [the relief of the pressure upon the Czecho-Slovak troops], they will immediately withdraw all Japanese troops from Russian territory.

Both statements declared that the intervention was made at the suggestion

of the United States, and that Japan agreed to the proposal.

Such were the expressions of good intentions under which Japan and America entered Siberia. To the Russian politicians of all parties it was a move in a great game. The monarchists relied upon the interveners to restore the autocracy. The reactionaries were sure they would be placed in power. The liberal groups were equally certain that the military strength of a great democracy would be used only to establish democracy elsewhere. The Bolsheviki indulged themselves in no illusions as to the probability of their securing help from the interveners, but they too relied upon the promises not to interfere with internal affairs.

The politicians of all parties put together constituted at that time but a small fraction of the people of Siberia. These people were not so much interested in which party the interveners would assist. Rather they accepted at their face value the promises of the allies not to interfere at all in the local political situation. Their great faith was that the United States would not permit any aggressive action upon the part of Japan. After the fact of intervention itself, this was the most significant factor in the situation, to their minds.

The story of the intervention itself, of the temporary overthrow of the Soviet power, the half-hearted support of the Kolchak régime, and the final triumphant advance of the Red armies eastward as far as the Baikal, where they were stopped, not by the Allies, but by the idea of a democracy in the Far East, is now well known. One after another the various groups became disappointed in the Americans. The monarchists saw no autocracy. The reactionaries saw themselves allowed to gain a strong position, and then allowed to lose it. The liberals saw no

democracy established by the soldiers of the great democracy across the sea. The Communists had seen the intervention wipe out the rule which they had established along the Amur and in the Maritime Province. All of the politicians were disgusted.

But these disappointments were all the result of unwarranted hopes built upon air. No one of these groups had any reason to expect that America had come across the Pacific to advance their particular interest. But the Siberian people, those who were not politicians but just people — with them America had so far kept the faith. She had not interfered in their local affairs and she had held Japan in check. More than that, the American soldiers had made friends wherever they went. They even made war in a way that seemed humane and honorable compared with other fighters in the Far East. There was no personal hatred in their make-up. It was a necessary struggle, and it was made and won without rancor. Then, too, America had sent more than troops. She had sent her units of mercy under the Red Cross. These fighters against disease and suffering had won the gratitude and love of all the Siberians, women and children as well as men.

Above all this, America kept her implied promise. She had made no suggestion in the intervention declaration as to when she would withdraw her troops. But when the task for which they had come to Siberia was accomplished, the troops were withdrawn, bag and baggage. No diplomatic councils, no military missions, no special observers were left to embarrass the Siberians. So far as America was concerned, they were to be entirely free to establish any form of government that they cared to establish.

When America withdrew from Si-

beria in March, 1920, no nation stood higher in the esteem of the people of Siberia. There was but one doubt in their minds. Why had she withdrawn and left her quondam allies behind? The Japanese had entered Siberia with the Americans, and at their invitation. Their task had been one. If that task was completed for the Americans, why was it not completed for the Japanese? If the Americans had invited the Japanese to come in with them, why did they not take them out with them?

These questions were in the back of the minds of the Siberians when the Americans left; but they were too busy getting a new government organized to devote much attention to anything else. By March of this year, however, they had succeeded in establishing their new government. This government was a democracy, by all the criteria known to political scientists. It was recognized and accepted by all the people of the Russian Far East. It was successfully exercising its functions in all the territory of the Russian Far East, except in the districts where the Japanese still held sway. These districts, by a strange coincidence, were the richest of the Russian territory, including the greatest port of Siberia and the most valuable fishing grounds in the world. It was but natural that the questions in regard to America's action should then come to the front.

About the end of last March, the Constituent Assembly formally announced to the world the successful accomplishment of its work in legally establishing the new Republic of the Far East. Its democratic basis and its renunciation of the Communism which the remainder of Russia had embraced were set forth in some detail. Under similar circumstances, any people in any part of the world would have received recognition and encouragement

from the United States. It has, since its foundation, been among the first to welcome new republics into the family of nations.

This announcement was followed by a direct appeal to the United States for recognition, and permission to send official representatives. It was sincerely believed in Siberia that this appeal would be met by America in the friendliest spirit. Every objection and criticism that America had voiced against the Soviet power in Russia had been met in the formation of the new government. Its structure was modeled in large part upon principles tried and approved in America. Every indication pointed to America extending the hand of friendship to the new nations.

Instead, its approach was absolutely ignored. The same America which could address a note to the disorganized people of Siberia in 1918 could not extend the merest courtesy of a reply to the organized people of Siberia in 1921. A people who had a special claim upon the friendship of the United States, the great Republic simply refused to recognize the existence of:

Small wonder that the people of Siberia experienced a distinct cooling of the feelings of good-will which they had had for America. Small wonder that the questions of March, 1920, were even more insistently asked in April of 1921.

These questions took diplomatic form in a note addressed to the United States by the Constituent Assembly, under date of April 10. This note, after carefully reviewing the circumstances of the intervention, the sad experience of the ensuing Japanese occupation, and America's part in the Allied activities, asked pointedly four questions: (1) Does the United States adhere to its declaration of August, 1918? (2) How then explain the continuance of the intervention? (3) If not, will the

United States declare the end of the intervention as solemnly as it announced its beginning? (4) Will the United States require of the Japanese a definite end of the intervention which was begun at its invitation?

Whatever inaccuracies may be pointed out in the legal bearing of these questions, it cannot be doubted that they expressed with entire accuracy the sentiments of the people of the Far Eastern Republic toward America at that time. For them it was a matter of suspending judgment, with the burden very much upon America to show her good faith in the whole affair.

This note also went without direct reply; but in less than two weeks it was announced that a special mission had been instructed to proceed from the American Embassy in Tokyo, to investigate the conditions in the new Republic and report thereon to the Department of State. The mission was to consist of Dr. James F. Abbott, Commercial Attaché, and Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Davis, assistant Military Attaché, of the American Embassy to Japan.

There was a shadow of disappointment that men accredited to the Japanese Government should have been selected for this investigation. It seemed unnecessary, in view of the fact that the legation at Peking was closer at hand, and men from that legation would not have been open to the suspicion of Japanese sympathies. Nevertheless, the people of the new Republic were not inclined to cavil at small matters, and they accepted gladly this indication of a purpose on the part of the United States to learn the truth and to act accordingly. This was, perhaps, the beginning of the end of their sufferings, and the opening of the door to relations with the great Republic which they still looked upon as their exemplar:

For six weeks Dr. Abbott and Colonel Davis pursued their inquiries. Everything was thrown wide open for them. Every request was met. Every question was answered. Then they departed, to make their report. The hopes of the Siberians were high. At last America would know the truth. Intervention would be ended. Diplomatic and commercial relations would be renewed. The long night of doubt was drawing near the dawn. The United States would not betray them after all.

Such was their state of anticipation when, about two weeks later, the cables brought the news that President Harding had extended an invitation to the nations interested in Pacific questions to a conference to be held at Washington. It was the announced purpose of this conference to arrive at an agreement in regard to matters of policy in the Far East. To this meeting were invited Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan. Others were assured that, when their interests were affected, they would be allowed to enter the conference. As before, the Russian people and the Far Eastern Republic were completely ignored.

It is not difficult to imagine the effect of this announcement upon the people of Siberia. They had been struggling for fifteen months to rid themselves of the incubus of Japanese intervention, begun, as they rightly insist, at the instigation of America. The Japanese had plainly intimated their ambitions in Siberian territory by occupying the chief port and appropriating to their own use the Siberian fisheries. Japan's tentacles had stretched far across the Pacific, and she had come into conflict with the interests of other nations, especially the United States. Any discussion of Japan's policy in the Pacific and in Eastern Asia must necessarily bring in her activities in Siberia, and thus directly affect the vital interests of

the Siberians. It was not even improbable that Japan, in return for concessions in other quarters, might ask for and receive from such a conference a free hand in Siberia. In other words, the life or death of the new nation might be decided at the forthcoming conference without the slightest opportunity for it to secure a hearing. That Japan should call such a conference was quite to be expected. But that the United States should follow such a course — this was indeed a blow to their faith. Could it be possible that America, after all, was playing Japan's game? I have heard it baldly stated in the People's Assembly of the Amur Province, and the statement was received in silence.

The natural resources and potential wealth of the territory of the Far Eastern Republic are enormous. That American enterprise and American capital should have a share in their development seems axiomatic. But America does not greatly need more resources or more wealth. A far more serious loss for her than the loss of economic participation would be the loss of the goodwill, the loss of the faith of the small nations of the world. This has been her proudest possession. It has been a feature of her international policy no less insisted upon than the Monroe Doctrine. Why should so great an asset be wantonly squandered?

It is said that to invite the Siberians to the conference would have offended Japan. That is no reason why America should not maintain her reputation for fairness and square dealing. Japan keeps her feelings well to the fore, so that they will be offended on the slightest provocation when it is to her diplomatic interest that they should be. Must America cringe before such tactics? The affairs of the Pacific and the Far East cannot be settled without affecting the most vital interests of the

Siberians. If those interests are adversely affected without their consent, the decision is obviously invalid. If such a decision is enforced by military power, such a proceeding it is a compliment to call 'imperialism.'

By every principle of justice and equity the people of the Far Eastern Republic should be allowed to defend their rights at the Washington Conference, or at any other conference which undertakes to determine national policies in the Far East. By every tradi-

tion of American diplomacy, and out of the least regard for her own good name, America should invite the Far Eastern Republic to participate in the Washington Conference. No harm can come of it, even to the schemes of the imperialists, which proceed not on rights but by military power. Whatever may be the outcome, it could not then be said that the Siberians were excluded from a hearing by the very America upon whom they had relied for justice and protection.

## JOHN CLARE

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

[The title of *To-Day*, a shilling monthly of hand-book proportions, edited by Holbrook Jackson, and devoted to literature, is happily drawn from the following lines by Edward Young:—

*To-day is yesterday returned; returned  
Full-powered to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,  
And reinstate us on the rock of peace;  
Let it not share its predecessor's fate,  
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.]*

From *To-Day*, June, 1921  
(LITERARY PAMPHLET)

THE principal facts in the life of Poet Clare (as he is still called in his native place) are given in the volume lately published by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson; but from time to time since that volume was prepared new sidelights, not to mention new poems, have been discovered, some of which I shall use here. John Clare was born at Helpston, near Peterborough, in 1793. His birth-place, which has been much maligned, was at one time used as an infants' school, and still stands, a trim if unpretending cottage. Clare's parents were not wholly illiterate, and in his very

earliest childhood he had a few books, one or two of which, such as *The Famous History of the Earl of Warwick* are preserved. Despite poverty, Clare was sent to a day-school, and on the evidence of his schoolbook made admirable use of his chances: the schoolbook incidentally proves him to have written verse before his thirteenth year. After leaving school, the boy was 'everything by turns, and nothing long,' from innkeeper's jack and gardener, to militiaman, lime-burner, and, at length, applicant for parish relief.

In the final summary of Clare's life,

and the special survey of the influences that played havoc with it, two incidents in his earlier years seem to me to stand out. The first is the story that he saw a haymaker fall from the top of a loaded wagon and break his neck, and that he seemed to be affected in mind for some time after this sight. The second is his first and unrealized love for Mary Joyce, which came to him in his sixteenth year, and which was to haunt him until the year of his death. Clare's Mary was the daughter of a farmer much above his parents in social rank; and she died unmarried. Of this love, it may be said that almost every poem that Clare ever wrote was written as if for Mary Joyce. Such were the first causes of his later eccentricity; but how happy his childhood was, from the days when old Granny Baines sung him ballads on the common to those when he first strayed under the limes of Burghley Park, his poems tell most clearly.

At the age of twenty-five John Clare author of many poems in manuscript and of a prospectus for publishing them accepted parish relief; and in dilemma thought of going to Yorkshire for employment. His prospectus saved the situation, and presently reached John Taylor, Keats's publisher, who, after careful publicity, produced Clare's first book in January, 1820, inserting a sort of appeal to charity which caused Clare to weep for shame. The book was a splendid success. The *Morning Post* had a Clare article, poem, or letter almost daily, for the benefit of the smart set who were hurrying the poet — on his first visit to town — from one drawing-room to another. On leaving London, Clare wrote a sonnet of thanksgiving, which unaccountably displeased some of his patrons; and shortly afterward, a fund was invested for him, which, with annuities given by the Marquis of Exeter and Lord Spencer,

at first made his income £45. Clare now married.

The record of the fifteen years that follow is one of intense literary labor in verse and prose and of gradually declining popularity; of illness and unemployment and sometimes (for his family was increasing) of distress; of money disappointments, his publishers delaying any statement of account whatever until 1829, and his trustees refusing to let him purchase a smallholding, called Bachelor's Hall, from his funded property. But it is far from my intention to call Clare's life unhappy. We see him in London on several occasions, 'C in alt,' as Tom Hood says in an inimitable recollection — 'in his bright grass-colored coat and yellow waistcoat (there are greenish stalks, too; under the table), he looks a very cow-slip.' He sat with Elia and his host, and his correspondents always refer to Lamb as 'your old friend'; he met such artists as Behnes, Hilton, DeWint, Etty, and Cruikshank. At home, though 'among the ignorant like a lost man,' he took delight in his garden, his botanizing rambles, his books, and most of all, his wife and young children. We have a glimpse of him walking with the children among his flowers, 'rubbing the perfume from the black-currant leaves,' and telling childhood's stories: and then, he would bring out pencil and paper, and the children, knowing he wished to be alone, would leave him. To those who came to see him, his manner and his conversation were 'most enchanting and delightful,' and all remarked on his eyes, 'light-blue, and flashing with the fire of genius.' In 1832 he left his 'old home of homes' for a fine farmhouse in the next parish.

Clare's amazing intellectual exertions, together with his physical labors as cottage farmer and his disappointments in his friends and the reading public, in time unsettled him. He

had encouraged his imagination until it could no longer be controlled, or, rather, hidden from his neighbors. He was at times in agony, 'his brain seemed boiling up,' and he was troubled with hallucinations. Taylor visited him in 1837, and found him well; but in July he broke down and was sent to a private asylum in Epping Forest. Escaping thence after four years, he reached home again on July 23, 1841; and on December 29 he was finally shut up (on no immediate grounds) in Northampton Asylum.

There, totally misunderstood, but respected and cared for, he lived to himself, and, we may be sure, walked with spirits as surely as did Blake; passing from his robust and daring prime to an old age of inward light, when Mary and childhood seemed approaching with the rounding wheels of his long day (how calm and sunny are the later verses!); dying on May 20, 1864, in a sleep; and at last resting in the churchyard at Helpston, as in his will he had directed forty years before.

### THREE UNPUBLISHED POEMS

BY JOHN CLARE

#### MARY

It is the evening hour,  
How silent all doth lie!  
The horned Moon she shews her face  
In the river with the sky.  
Just by the path on which we pass  
The flaggy lake lies still as glass.

Spirit of her I love,  
Whispering to me  
Store of sweet visions as I rove,  
Here stop, and crop with me  
Sweet flowers that in the still hour grew —  
We'll take them home, nor shake off the bright  
dew.

Mary! or sweet spirit of thee,  
As the bright sun shines to-morrow  
Thy dark eyes these flowers shall see,  
Gathered by me in sorrow  
In the still hour when my mind was free  
To walk alone — yet wish I walked with thee.

#### SONG

O wert thou in the storm  
How I would shield thee!  
To keep thee dry and warm  
A camp I would build thee.

Though the clouds poured again,  
Not a drop should harm thee;  
The music of wind and rain  
Rather should charm thee.

O wert thou in the storm  
A shed I would build thee  
To keep thee dry and warm —  
How I would shield thee!

The rain should not wet thee  
Nor thunderclap harm thee:  
By thy side I would set me  
To comfort and warm thee.

I would sit by thy side, love,  
While the dread storm was over,  
And the wings of an Angel  
My charmer would cover!

#### THE PRISONER

Enough of misery keeps my heart alive  
To make it feel more mental agony,  
Till even life itself becomes all pain  
And bondage more than hell, to keep alive!  
And still I live, nor murmur, nor complain,  
Save that the bonds which hold me may make  
free

My lonely solitude and give me rest,  
When every foe hath ceased to trouble me,  
On the soft throbbings of a woman's breast,  
Where love and truth and feeling live confest.  
The little cottage with those bonds of joy,  
My family! — life's blood within my breast  
Is not more dear than is each girl and boy  
Which time matures, and nothing can destroy.

## LAMENTING THE PAST

From *The Nation and the Athenæum*, October 1  
(LONDON LIBERAL AND LITERARY WEEKLY)

WE cannot say whether Mr. Frederic Harrison has been reading the gentle fantasy called *Back to Methuselah*, but he does rather remind us of the leading character in the fourth part — the 'Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman.' For Mr. Frederic Harrison, having been born into humanity about the year 1830, cannot choose but be elderly, and we fear he must be suffering from that 'deadly disease called discouragement,' which Zoo suspected in the Elderly Gentleman whom she found seated upon a pier in Galway in the year 3000 A.D. Discouragement has always been the besetting disease of elderly people, because, while the soft and expansive arteries of youth may ward it off, the hardening and contracted arteries of old cannot. Or, if that reason appears too physical and materialistic, let us say that the mind has a happy knack of forgetting unhappiness, and especially discomfort, and, like a sundial, of recording only hours serene, so that the present usually seems discouraging in comparison. That is the meaning of the glamour shed by memory upon youth. That is why we fondly suppose that heaven lay about us in our infancy. 'Too happy, did they but know!' we cry of childhood and youth. But they do not know, and are probably no happier than other times of life.

So Mr. Frederic Harrison has been casting regretful glances back upon his youth, and telling us all, in two yearning articles in the *Times*, how lovely it was to travel upon the Continent seventy years ago, when he was young. We can well believe it. To be young, to launch out into unknown but historic lands, to shake one's self free from the

trammels of the daily round — it would be lovely even now, when one would naturally go by train or motor, and very likely stay at a huge hotel, and see little or nothing of native life. So we can well believe that it was still more lovely to go as Frederic Harrison tells us he went in youth, while France and Italy remained as Goethe and Byron had known them, and as Turner and Prout had painted them, and as Ruskin was beginning to write about them. It took Frederic Harrison thirty hours to sail from London Bridge to Boulogne, but it was a voyage of adventurous delight. He sailed up the Rhine; he drove through the Black Forest into Switzerland. One year he traversed North Italy; another autumn he spent in Rome long before it was improved; another year he drove over France and along the uninhabited Riviera; he quietly visited the beautiful old towns upon the Seine and in Belgium; he was in Florence when the Pitti was still the residence and Court of the Duke, and the Arno ran under its bridges as in the time of Michelangelo.

It does sound delightful, certainly. The present writer walked pretty nearly all over Switzerland, not seventy years ago, but more than forty, hardly ever sleeping even under a cowshed roof, much less in a hotel, and never having even the tenth-best of anything to be got, but lying under the pines at night, washing in the streams, and cooking over sticks by the wayside — six weeks of it, and all for £19 10s., including fares. Memory paints it as superb. But behind memory's picture he still discerns cold so bitter before dawn that he had to walk for warmth,

feet so sore that he could not move without pain, and food so poor that he was perpetually sick. What was worse, his mind was not prepared. How different the scene appeared when, ten years later, he walked through those selfsame mountains, and found Ruskin still dwelling in the village where the Arve enters the Val de Cluses!

Memory and forgetfulness play us tricks. But we know what depth of feeling lies in Mr. Frederic Harrison's longing for the days when

we traveled in horse vehicles, about forty miles in an easy day; we strolled and gossiped and visited the church or the town hall in every place where we halted to bait or to change our team. We worshiped the Gothic cathedrals in their pathetic decay, before the restorer had begun to destroy. You [he cries in scorn], you who now whirl along in your Fiats and Rolls-Royces, blinded by each other's dust, who feast in *Metropoles* and *Ritzes*, who intend to break the bank at Monte Carlo — how little do you know all that you have lost: the native charm of every countryside — the feudal remnants of every city wall, tower, and gateway; the exquisite tracery, carvings, and glass of the yet virgin Cathedral; the homely hospitality of mine host of the 'Bear' or the 'Three Kings,' the smile of the buxom *locandiera*. It is all over now!

You may race about the Continent in cars, he goes on; you may ride on a camel and kill big game; you may give the inside of a week to the Eternal City; but, as for seeing and knowing the countries you are whirled through, 'you might as well rush through a picture gallery on a bicycle, or get peeps of the Riviera between the tunnels of the railway.'

Ruskin could hardly have said more, or said it better, and yet in the end Mr. Frederic Harrison declares himself a modernist, and no blind believer in Ruskin. That reminds us of a letter which Ruskin himself wrote to Mr.

Harrison just forty-five years ago — that letter beginning: —

MY DEAR HARRISON, —

I am very glad you have been enjoying yourself in Oxford; and that you still think it a pretty place. But why, in the name of all that's developing, did you walk in those wretched old Magdalen walks? They're as dull as they were thirty years ago. Why did n't you promenade in our new street, opposite Mr. Ryman's? . . . However, I'm glad you've been at the old place; even though you wasted the bloom of your holiday-spirits in casting your eyes, in that too childish and pastoral manner, 'round this sweet landscape, with its myriad blooms and foliage, its meadows in their golden glory,' &c.; and declaring that all you want other people to do is to 'follow out in its concrete results this sense of collective evolution.' Will you only be patient enough, for the help of this old head of mine on stooping shoulders, to tell me one or two of the inconcrete results of separate evolution?

So Ruskin ran on, with accustomed irony ('My dear boy, what have you to do with cloisters or traceries?' — this in reference to an ecstatic passage in Mr. Harrison's article. 'Leave that business to the jackdaws; their loquacious and undeveloped praise is enough for such relics of the barbarous past. You don't want to shut yourself up, do you? And you could n't design a tracery for your life; and you don't know a good one from a bad one'). All which goes to prove that the Master chastened whom he loved, while these recent articles in the *Times* show why he had cause to love him. For it is really in vain that Mr. Frederic Harrison pleads that he is a modernist, 'and for seventy years has taken advantage of every modern habit and invention.' He remains the Elderly Gentleman, inspired by a noble passion for nature, and casting eyes of yearning backward upon vanishing beauty, the beautiful world that Rousseau revealed, and Goethe, and Byron, and Turner knew

— the world over whose grave Ruskin raised his indignant lamentation.

What hope of beauty has the present or the next generation, then? It appears to us that hope may come by one of two opposite channels. After all, the recognition of the beauty and charm that Mr. Harrison bewails is quite a new and probably a fleeting thing. Two hundred years ago it hardly existed. Let Mr. Harrison live twice his own lifetime backwards, and he would find his passionate regrets incomprehensible to everyone. The whole idea of beauty, as he knows and loves it, is very likely to fade and again become unrecognized. Or there may be another way by which that progress that Mr. Harrison identifies with vulgarization may be checked. While the Elderly Gentleman has been dreaming dreams, Mr. Chedworth Paine (probably young) has been seeing visions, and his vision is of our civilization destroyed, and the Stone Age come again. In the last number of the *Sunday Pictorial* he utters his prophecy.

Europe [he says], has not only entered upon a downward curve, but it is rapidly falling into an abyss, and it is bound to drag America after it. There is no visible way of escape. In our era Man has raised himself to dizzy heights. He has the farther to fall, until the next cycle of progress finds him painfully toiling up the slopes once more. Cities must moulder, railways and machinery must rust into oblivion; the very arts of manufacture, which are the outcome of prolonged human effort, may disappear. The Great War was merely symbolical. Humanity has entered, not for the first time, upon a suicidal era of self-destruction.

Mr. Chedworth Paine thinks that, 'instead of mankind reaching upwards to the stars, it is far more probable that, after the lapse of a hundred years, the world will be to a great extent depopulated,' and that the remnants of our civilization will be regarded with vague wonder by our few artless descendants. It may comfort Mr. Harrison to know that the progress of vulgarization will, at all events, be arrested. But what about his hopes as the only surviving Comtist Apostle of Humanity?

## A DEFENSE OF SUPERSTITION

From *The New Statesman*, October 1  
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

It was announced the other day that the name of a new play, *The Golden Moth*, was to be changed because the company believe that the presence of the word 'golden' in a title is unlucky. We were informed later that the management of the theatre had decided to defy superstition, and that the play is to be produced with the original title, after all. The stage is, perhaps, the most superstitious institution in Eng-

land, after the race course. The latter is so superstitious that to wish a man luck when on his way to a race-meeting is considered unlucky. Instead of saying 'Good luck!' you should say something insulting such as, 'May you break your leg!' We have known an Irish race-goer's day to be clouded because someone wished him good fortune. Actors and actresses have not only all the ordinary superstitions,

such as the picking up of pins, the dread of breaking looking-glasses, and the horror of certain numbers — they have also a number of professional superstitions. It is unlucky, they say, for instance, to quote *Macbeth*. Actors dare not say to each other at parting, 'When shall we three meet again?' No actress with a soul would advise a nervous fellow artist to 'screw her courage to the sticking point.' It is unlucky, again, during rehearsals, to quote the catchword of a forthcoming play in casual conversation. It is unlucky to carry a make-up box, like an amateur actress. Then there are certain theatres that are regarded as unlucky, and the superstitious actor is depressed at the prospect of having to appear at one of them. The luck may turn, we understand, if the name of the theatre is changed; this was probably the cause of the change of the name of one London theatre, which has since been successful.

Most of us are accustomed to regard superstitious people as unenlightened; and there is no one who feels more eminently wise than the man who rises first from a table at which thirteen guests have sat down. So far as we have discovered, however, the dividing line between those who are superstitious and those who are not is not the same as the line that divides enlightenment from unenlightenment. Some of the world's wisest men have been superstitious. Some of the world's greatest dunderheads have been free from superstition. Plutarch was a wise man, not only for his own age, but for any age; yet he believed in superstitions that a modern bus-conductor would laugh at. Many of those who laugh at superstitions do so from narrowness of mind. They are incredulous of everything that their eyes have not seen. They cannot imagine anything outside the day's work and the football results.

Their unbelief in black cats is simply a form of tired materialism. We do not, we may say, contend that the superstitious man is wiser than the un-superstitious. All we contend is that freedom from superstition is not necessarily a form of wisdom, but that it frequently arises from sheer thoughtlessness. Perfect wisdom, we believe, gives perfect freedom from superstition, but it probably involves belief in a good many things that will seem superstitious to a thoughtless man.

Consider, for a moment, how the first superstition came into the world. Man found himself cast into a chaos of drifting phenomena, without the slightest notion of what they meant, or whether they meant anything. He could not distinguish between things and their shadows. He was as ignorant as a child as to how children were born. He did not know what was happening to his friends when they died. He was frightened of many things, because some things hurt him, and he did not know which did and which did not. All that he knew was that queer things were constantly happening; but they happened, not according to any rule that he could see, but in a confused and terrifying jumble. One day, in the forest, however, he casually picked up a pin, — or let us say, a sharp pine-needle, — and immediately afterwards he came on the most delightful bunch of bananas he had ever tasted. This did not at the moment strike him as being remarkable. But the next day he noticed the same sort of pine-needle lying on the ground and picked it up. Immediately afterwards he discovered another bunch of bananas, even more delightful than the first. His brain swam with the sense of discovery. He beat his forehead with his hands, — hairy, prehensile hands, — for the birth of something absolutely new in his mind was giving him a headache.

He muttered: 'I pick up pine-needles and find sweet bananas! I pick up pine-needles and find sweet bananas!' It was some time before even this conveyed a clear message to a brain unaccustomed to act. But as he repeated the words in a sort of trance, the truth suddenly flashed on him. When he uncovered his face, he was looking ten years older, but he was wearing a smile that was almost human. He did not exactly say to himself: 'I have found a pattern in the universe'; but he had made the first move toward the happiest of all Eureka's.

He was never quite simian again. He was like a child who, after long contemplation of the stars in the night-sky, that seem to lie about haphazard like fallen apples, suddenly picks out the certain pattern of a constellation. He, too, has seen a pattern: the stars are no longer an abracadabra to him, but reveal meaning after meaning to him in a speech that he continually learns to know better. In the same way, primitive man in his superstitions was slowly learning to put two and two together. What matter if they often came to five? It is better to put two and two together wrong, than to believe that they cannot be put together at all.

This, it may be said, accounts for the reign of superstition, but it does not therefore justify the superstitions of civilized men and women. We have surer means nowadays of discovering the pattern in life. We cannot be content with apparent cause and effect, but we employ intelligent tests for the discovery of the real cause. The child in arms may believe that the watch flies open because he blows hard on its back, but a grown-up man would be an imbecile to imagine that this is the real reason why the watch flies open. This is true enough. When the real pattern of cause and effect is known, there is no room for fantastic explana-

tions. We have not the right to believe that the crowing of cocks causes the sun to rise, or that railway-trains are propelled, not by steam, but by the waving of a green flag, or a green light. One might as well doubt the pattern of the Seven Stars. Such patterns are established once for all. On the other hand, the greater part of the universe is undiscovered and uncharted, as the greater part of the sky is. Our lives are still a voyage amid chance and confusion, and there are many things of which we know as little as the first monkey.

While this continues, men will go on being superstitious — casting their fancies into the unknown in search of signs. For superstition, we think, is mainly a belief in signs. The superstitious man does not believe that bringing blackthorn in flower into a house actually causes a death in the house: what he believes is that it announces a death. It is the same with telling fortunes with the cards. The cards are not supposed to control events but only to prophesy them. We know that the superstitious do not always adopt this comparatively philosophical attitude. Some of them will put the blame of their misfortunes on a friend, for instance, who has sent them a gift of white flowers without a mixture of other colors. But this is unreasonable. The only reasonable defense of modern superstition that we have ever heard was that certain signs show the direction of events, as a weathercock shows the direction in which the wind is blowing.

Even so, in practice, it is at times almost impossible to distinguish between the prophet of bad news and the causer of bad things. In the old days, the prophets were stoned because they were hated, as a woman hates a broken mirror. We have heard superstitious people arguing gravely as to whether

President Wilson's downfall was caused by his association with the number thirteen, or whether his association with the number thirteen was a prophecy of his downfall. It will be remembered that, on his arrival in France, he was entertained at dinner at which thirteen persons sat down, because he had announced that he regarded thirteen as a lucky number. It will also be remembered that, though he originally published his Fourteen Points, they were afterwards reduced to thirteen owing to the objections of the Allies to the 'Freedom of the Seas.' The superstitious find it very difficult to think that this was only an omen. They half-believe at the back of their minds that another guest and another point might have made the world safe for democracy.

The ordinary man's reply to superstitions of the kind is seldom based on reason. He is content to say, 'Rot!' and will no more argue about it than if you told him that a runner duck in your backyard had been heard quoting *Paradise Lost* to a chicken. As a matter of fact, neither the attack on superstition nor the defense of it has very much to do with reason. We believe or disbelieve according to our temperaments. Two men, equal in brain and courage, will behave quite differently when it comes to walking under a ladder or lighting a cigarette from a match from which two cigarettes have been already lit. Parnell was eminent for moral cour-

age, but he believed that green was an unlucky color, and was horror-stricken — and not on æsthetic grounds — when he was presented with a green smoking-cap by a too patriotic lady. During the war, the men who carried mascots were not noticeably inferior to the men who did not. By a curious irony, it was in the country which instituted the worship of reason that mascots were most popular.

A rather interesting essay could be written on the theme that an increase of rationalism leads automatically to an increase of superstition. We doubt whether the religious Victorians, who sneered at ghosts and picked up pins only on grounds of economy, were quite so superstitious as their irreligious successors. After all, the human mind cannot be content to accept the unknown as unknowable. Life is a mystery, but most of us feel that, like a jigsaw puzzle, it may yield a solution if only we keep trying to put the apparently incoherent pieces together. Superstition will never give us the whole pattern, but it is a pardonable attempt to unite two or three of the pieces in a sub-pattern. All science and art is but the piecing together of a sub-pattern out of chaos. Be not censorious if an inhabitant of chaos finds a meaning that you do not in two magpies, or a dog's howl, or a slice of bread-and-butter — margarine does not count — that falls with its face in the dust.

## A PAGE OF VERSE

### SALVAGE

BY JESSIE PHILLIPS MORRIS

[*Westminster Gazette*]

LIFE has stripped me,  
Broken my body,  
Stamped on my heart;  
Taken my name,  
Clothed me in shame,  
Flung me these rags.

I am alone,  
Kindred disown,  
Old friends forget;  
Bitter my bread,  
Homeless my head  
Down in the dust.  
Useless the fight?  
Weakness to Might  
Ever must fall?

Yet from the rack,  
Out of the black  
Darkness, and Storm,  
Lo! I have brought  
In anguish wrought  
This Pearl — my Soul.

### ON A VENETIAN GOBLET

BY GERTRUDE BONE

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

How thou dost carry Venice in thy  
shape!

Lustre of sun and water, gold shot  
through the green,  
Splendid and buoyant; round thy gob-  
let's nape

A ring of golden bosses fit to wed a  
queen!

From his green depths the sea did lend  
thee light,

And the thin silver chiming of his  
shells,

And turned his gold-backed waves  
within thy sight,

Hollow and sounding, like obedient  
bells;

Sails on the Adriatic showed thee grace,  
And nautilus afloat taught color's  
whim

To change as she is seen; the storm-  
fined face

Of heaven stamped azure firm around  
thy rim,

And the sea's age-long patience curved  
thy lip,

Leaving a bubble where gemmed  
fingers grip.

### SUMMER'S PARTING

BY 'H. H.'

[*The Morning Post*]

LOOK to your treasures, Summer,  
guard them well —

So brief the hours  
Left to you now in loveliness to dwell

Amid your flowers,  
For in the wood the bracken, curled  
and brown,

Falls in great sheaves;  
And mournfully the oak and elm throw  
down

Their withered leaves.  
Watch o'er your last red roses, steep  
your eye

In larkspur's blue;  
Breathe the white jessamine's pure  
fragrancy.

Listen anew  
To redbreast's song, so that your deep-  
est dreams,

Through the long night  
Of sleeping, may be haunted by soft  
gleams

Of color, light,  
And soothing sound of music, and the  
breath

Of your lost bloom.

Can you not mark

The tread of Autumn in the wood-  
land way?

O Summer, hark

He comes the conqueror of all your  
mirth.

Veil your sweet face

In rainbow scarf, and seek that hid-  
den earth

Your resting-place.

## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### REVIVALS

FROM Paris and London come the reports of two 'revivals,' which seem, at first glance, to have little in common, but in reality have much. In Paris, it is Molière who is honored by representation; in London, Gilbert and Sullivan. The first has become a classic through the test of three centuries, and in January next a tercentenary celebration, heralded by a recent production of *Les Fâcheux*, is to occur. Gilbert and Sullivan can lay no such claim to antiquity; but their operas have already become classics of the English stage, and when the artistic productions of the nineteenth century come in for their tercentenary recognition, in the twenty-second, it will be strange, indeed, if the Savoy classics are not revived for the instruction and delight of the remote unborn.

A Paris correspondent of the *London Observer* makes the interesting point that Molière's *Les Fâcheux* was indeed 'the forerunner of the modern revue' and declares that 'perhaps it is not improper to describe it as the first revue.' This correspondent's description of the play reminds one, by a curious coincidence, of Gilbert's familiar song, 'I've got him on the list'; for it is thus that he presents the *dramatis personæ*:—

The principal personage, awaiting his lady-love, is importuned by a succession of bores. The French word which has now replaced the word *fâcheux* is *raseur*. Molière makes fun of all kinds of people who were a nuisance in his time, as in ours. There is the late-comer at the theatre who insists on telling his neighbors what is going to happen on the stage; there is the domestic who will brush one's hat too carefully; there is the man who wants to sing the latest air he has composed; there is the card-player who re-

lates how he has lost; there is the sportsman who describes his exploits; there is the long-winded savant who has a petition to present; and so forth. I find these characters as real to-day as in the seventeenth century.

The London papers are full of praise of the recent production of *The Gondoliers*, the first of a series of revivals at the Prince's Theatre. It is amusing to contrast the printed comments on the Molière and Gilbert and Sullivan productions. In Paris complaint is made that too many stars took part in the *Comédie Française* production, 'more anxious about their reputation than about playing in a spirit of fun.' In London high praise is bestowed upon a few of the players, but others are severely criticized. One of the critics remarks: 'If the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were French classics, such a production as this would be impossible in Paris, where they understand the importance of perfection in detail.'

A London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* relates an interview with a veteran member of the Gilbert and Sullivan choruses, Mr. Joe Ruff. In recalling the makers of the Savoy operas, this old-time singer said, —

Gilbert was hot-tempered, despotic, but just. If he flew out at a person one day, he always made it up to him the next. Sullivan looked very like a lawyer. He used to walk up and down in a top-hat with a velvet-colored overcoat, carrying a portfolio. But when you saw him close up, you could easily see the greatness of him. He was very emotional, and one day, when the death of Sir Joseph Barnby, the choral conductor, was brought to him, he broke down utterly and called off the rehearsal.

In Norwich, a Shakespearean revival, under the direction of Mr. Nugent Monck, has recently been signalized by the opening of the 'Elizabethan Play-

house.' Here all the details of the original productions of Shakespeare's plays are faithfully carried out. It is encouraging to note a critic's warning that this will not suffice in itself. Besides an 'Elizabethan Playhouse,' it is essential that there should be actors truly capable of treading its stage. If the Norwich experiment can produce both the historic setting and the actors worthy of it, a great step forward will have been made.



#### WHITECHAPEL CONCERTS

MANY persons associate the musical interest of the East End of London with the coster songs which Mr. Albert Chevalier rendered so popular to a generation still regarding Gilbert and Sullivan as contemporaries. Times appear, indeed, to have changed since 'My Old Dutch' and 'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road' were the most familiar examples of East-End music. Now we learn that Mr. Adrian Boult, with sixty to eighty performers drawn from the British Symphony Orchestra, has begun a series of Sunday afternoon concerts at the People's Palace in Mile End Road. Before the performance of each number Mr. Boult gives a brief explanation of the purpose and achievement of the music. The hall holds an audience of 1700, which is expected to appear in full attendance, at the charges ranging from eightpence to two shillings and fourpence. A certain number of seats, moreover, will be free.

A London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* quotes the secretary of the People's Palace as declaring that 'after a very large experience, he considers that the East End is far ahead of other London districts in its appreciation of good music.' Mr. Boult is encouraged in his confidence that his People's Palace concerts will be a success, through his experience with a

similar series of concerts in the East End of Liverpool, at which the audiences grew from the number of 243 to 906.

While music is thus offered to the less fortunate public in London for its own good, the Russian basso, Chaliapin, has been visiting England on his way to the United States, and is giving a series of concerts for the benefit of the starving in Russia. A moralizing philosopher could dilate at length upon the relations between music and human betterment.



#### 'CHARLOT' IN LONDON

IN the *Living Age* for October 19, the enormous appeal of 'Charlie' Chaplin to the Parisians was a subject of chronicle and comment. Now the echoes of his success reverberate from London. In the *Saturday Review* for October 1, James Agate, writing under the 'Gilbertian' title, 'Hey, but he's doleful!' elaborates the idea that it is not because the great movie favorite is 'frolicsome and free,' but rather by reason of his very dolefulness, that he moves one to the most satisfying laughter. Thus in part, he writes:—

The first glimpse of that little shuffling gnome sets all my critical faculties stirring; I want to probe and dissect, to analyze, to trace that humor to the source I know it must ultimately reveal. I am on my critical guard. Whereas the other side to the actor's genius, his immense and confounding pathos, finds me utterly defenseless. Let that lip droop for an instant and the Nile is here. I care not whence it comes.

Place must be found for a short dissertation upon the sense of humor, lest I be deemed as bereft thereof as was Eliza's husband. For I do not look to join the agelastic choir—Mr. Dombey and the author of the 'Hymn of Hate,' Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Drinkwater's 'Abraham Lincoln'—who had surely by our little clown been unamused. I doubt whether he

had been commanded to Victorian Windsor; Mr. Gladstone had certainly turned him into a sermon.

Humor is a kittle thing. Let me, when I would laugh royally, have comedians about me that are fat. I am for Falstaff and Bully Bottom, Micawber and Herbert Campbell. I leave to more reflective mood those brain-teasers, Malvolio and Jingle, Snike and Mr. Alfred Lester. I adore the rotundity of Potash, but I cope less easily with Perlmutter. I worship the little butter-pat which is Jeff; Mutt is apt to become an intellectual strain. I repeat that, when I hold my sides, I do not want to know why. There is, alas! a kind of fellow much about these days, who insists upon always knowing why, and in his nosings leads our wittiest by that organ. Mr. Walkley is the latest sufferer from what I will call Crocitis, with Bergsonian relapses. Does he not tell us that Mr. Robey as a Venetian minstrel, with a stuffed monkey pinned to his coat-tails, exemplifies the dictum that the secret of the comic is 'something mechanical encrusted upon the living'? The awful figure of Professor Bergson must here have come between Mr. Walkley and the stage, else had he told us that in this scene Mr. Robey was less funny than in the others.

And now I suppose I shall be told that the famous boots and trousers are mechanical encrustations upon the living Charlie. Rubbish! To the percipient they are barnacles, retardative of a swifter wit. The secret of this clowning is that it is ever so much more than trouser-deep. I do not laugh when my intellectual interests are aroused. I do not laugh when Bouvard ridiculously rushes to Pécuchet in his Government office, to announce on the first day of spring, 'J'ai ôté ma flanelle!' I hardly laugh when, in the French play, the retired grocer, whose daughter is to marry a lawyer, erects in his back-garden a statue to Cicero, for the purpose of hurling at it the apostrophe: 'Cicéron, tu ne vaux pas mon gendre!' I do not laugh at Charlie till I cry. I laugh lest I cry, which is a very different matter. And therefore I bid Covent

Garden lift up its heart and say with me: 'Caruso, tu ne vaux pas mon Charlot!'



#### BLUE SKIES AND SKYSCRAPERS

SIR GEOFFREY BUTLER, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, declares himself, in the October *Landmark*, an admirer of the New York skyscraper, not as it was in its earlier stages, but as it has come to be. He agrees with a previous contributor to the *Landmark*, Mr. John Lathrop, that lofty buildings of the New York type would be unsuitable to London, and gives his reasons for this opinion on grounds that should reconcile Americans to their four-square cities and increase their thankfulness for blue skies:—

But there is a specific reason why skyscrapers would look absurd in London, quite apart from the difficulty of laying the foundations. In my opinion, skyscrapers depend for their effect very largely upon the fact that the streets are built four-square. Space is never impressive till it is confined. If you look at a building in its early stages, when the bricks are merely a foot from the ground, the rooms always look smaller than they will at a later stage, when their space is confined by the fully built walls. Similarly, few sights help one so much toward a conception of infinity as the view down the cañon of a street of skyscrapers in New York. As the buildings tower above you out of sight, it is possible to look out straight ahead into an infinity of blue sky beyond the horizon of the street. It would be impossible to frame such distances of space by towering buildings in London because the streets twist and turn and wind.



#### BOOKS MENTIONED

Nowak, Karl Friedrich. *Der Sturz der Mittelmächte*. G. D. W. Callwey, 1921 (VII, 435 S., 1 Kt) 48 mk.

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